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ONE DOLLAR A-YEAR.

#### OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

Probably no reader has survived until this day of the month, without being reminded of what month it is a day. The spirit of fun and frolic is immortal; and, whatever changes in form different climes and different ages may produce, the spirit can hardly be extinguished. In ancient Roman observance, which every Spring witnessed, frolic and mischief ran riot; and all bitterness of memory of a misadventure was removed by the recollection that the time excused the joke, and disarmed the malice of an apparent insult.

April day—it is the grand mart day of the year, the universal vendue season of wags, when they *sell* the unsuspecting, and entrap even the wisest into ridiculous positions. A person, of true common sense, and gifted with a mind which is occupied with thoughts worthy of a rational being, is more likely than any other to be the object of successful pursuit to the All Fools Day mummers—so gentle reader, no more chagrin, even though you have been “taken in and done for.” The most pleasant and endurable jokes practised at this season are those which come from the Ladies, who, ever ready to follow the fashion, are especially careful to remember the first of April.

Our friends in the country welcome this month as the first of *real* Spring. March is a sort of neutral period, when either the cold of Winter or the smiles of Spring may be regarded as in order. April tolerates no very cold weather, though her showers are often real dampers. In the city this month is a delightful one. The pavements have not yet learned the trick of keeping hot night and day; and while the month has none of the disadvantages of Summer, it is free also from the inclemencies of Winter. It is precisely the month of all others when life itself is a decided enjoyment—a luxury—pardon a quip—worth *living for*.

The past month can hardly be said to have given out any very important news in a political sense. Down to the nineteenth, at which period this is written, Congress had accomplished nothing. Lord Ashburton, the special minister from England had not arrived, though, casualties aside, before the printed date of this work he will have reached our shores. *Apropos*, of WAR. We are one of those who regard war with England, if it should occur, as alike the greatest folly and the greatest crime among the nations, of the 19th century. It is folly, because that no reason with which we are acquainted, in hypothesis yet presented, and no fact, present or future, real or assumed, can be brought forward to show that either nation could be the gainer of any thing by such a contest. Both would lose; and the victors would or might be of the party capable of losing most, and thus wearying out the other. Victory in such a case would be dearly purchased, but in the peculiar position of the two countries, we see no other way in which it could be won. It was the remark of a distinguished conqueror, that next to a great defeat, a great victory is the heaviest misfortune which can befall a country in war. The same remark may be carried out through a long contest, as well as it can be applied to a single engagement.

The sense of the people of both nations is decidedly averse to war. The wishes of both nations are against it. Neither can endure the thought of the rupture of relations of peace and amity which have existed until commercial, social and literary relations, have introduced and knit the people of each country to the other, like the members of two families, in the same situation in life, and possessing the same tastes and inclinations. It is assuming nothing too much to say, that this country and England are the two which give tone and character to the age we live in. In their hands are the earnest of progress in civilization and art. To their care are confided the philanthropic and religious improvements and interests of the era. Hand in hand are we travelling—our scientific and literary men exchange and communicate to each other light and knowledge; our prelates confer with and visit as brethren, though divided by an ocean; our jurists quote precedents and instances from all authorities in the language; our sons and daughters marry and intermarry; and certain scheming politicians, or empty declaimers, on both sides of the Atlantic, ask us to forfeit these mutual advantages, and to learn to consider each other as enemies for the next twenty years, to obtain the settlement of questions which may be better arranged by friends, than decided by war-worn and exasperated enemies. The idea is monstrous; and as we have before said, all considerations of religion and reason rebel against it.

It is the part of wisdom, and the duty of every nation to be prepared for all national contingencies; and in this view of the subject we are gratified to find that the attention of the government and of the people has been called to the subject of increasing our national defences. Money expended in this way goes into the pockets of American citizens and laborers; and the fact of preparation is the best guard against war.—Laying aside all sectional feelings and prejudices, all true Americans will unite in forwarding the great object of national defence. We are bound as a mighty people, to disregard the parsimonious counsel which would restrict the scale of our national army and marine to the standard of our infancy. If an army and navy are at all necessary, it is fit that they should correspond with the resources, wealth, and commerce of the nation.

So much for “outside matters” as his celestial majesty of China might say—now, for our own affairs. We think that the reader will agree with the editor, that the present is a good specimen of the “Dollar Magazine,” and that the contents, original and select, keep up the character which the work has won for itself in the public estimation.—We would here remind the reader who may wish more frequent visits from the same description of periodical, that the Quarto Jonathan, containing the same number of pages as this, of the same size, contains no matter which appears in the Magazine, though both works are issued from the same office. This we state for the benefit of those who would subscribe for the weekly Jonathan, did they not fear that they should receive the same reading in two different forms.

We have thought fit, in the present number to omit all engravings; as

none at present on our hands answer the purpose and character of the work. This omission will be more than made up by and by, if indeed it has not been already; and with the rich table of contents which we present, the article of embellishments will not be missed.

"She Loved Him but She Heeded Not," is the title of a beautiful song, the words by Gen. Morris, the music by De Begnis, just published by Firth and Hall. It is the very best song ever written by Gen. Morris; and we should really like to see from some of the envious souls who would detract from his merit as a song writer, any thing fit to mention in the same week with it.

### OPIUM SMOKING IN CHINA.

The following is an extract from the private journal of Dr. Hill, late surgeon of the bark *Sunda*, which was lost on the island of Hainan in October, 1839, and whose crew were conducted to Canton under protection of the Chinese Government:

"On the evening of our arrival at the city of Hainan (which is about six miles from the northern extremity of the island of the same name), one of our soldiers who formed our body guard requested permission to smoke his opium in the apartment allotted to the captain, chief officer, and myself. To this, as we had not previously had an opportunity of properly witnessing the whole process, we cheerfully agreed.

"The apparatus, which was contained in a leather bag consisted of a small box of opium, a pipe of a peculiar construction, a lamp, and a steel bodkin about six inches in length.

"The opium which was contained in a wooden box not much larger than a lady's thimble, was a clear, dark, semi-fluid substance, resembling tar or treacle, though of rather more consistence, and prepared, so far as I could understand, from the crude drug by boiling, straining and evaporating.

"The pipe, which was made of ebony, was about 18 inches in length, and three quarters of an inch in diameter, and had a brass bowl near its further extremity, which was closed. In shape the bowl resembled a pear, having upper surface smooth and flattened, with a small aperture in its centre, sufficient to admit a needle of moderate size. The use of the lamp and bodkin, which need not be described, will be seen presently.

"Drawing a table with his apparatus to the side of a bamboo couch, upon which he seated himself cross-legged, after the manner of the Turks, our hero began by lighting the lamp, over which he placed a glass shade, so as to render the flame strong and steady, and prevent its smoking. He then took a small quantity of the drug (of the size of a pea) on the point of the bodkin and held it for a few seconds in the flame of the lamp, when it swelled and took fire, emitting smoke of a strong, aromatic, and not unpleasant odour. Instantly blowing it out, he rolled it for a short time on the bowl of the pipe (by swiftly twirling round the bodkin between the forefinger and the thumb) and again applied it to the flame of the lamp to undergo the same process for two or three successive times. After being sufficiently burned, he next introduced the bodkin into the aperture of the bowl, twisting it gently round, so as to detach from its point the opium which was left adhering to the edges. Lastly, having made a deep expiration in order to expel the air as much as possible from the lungs, to put the pipe into his mouth, applied the bowl to the flame of the lamp, and took one long inspiration, by which the opium was almost entirely dissipated and converted into a dense smoke, which after retaining in the chest for a short time he emitted through his nostrils. The same process was repeated eight times in the course of twenty minutes, when he lay down on the couch and fell into a profound sleep which lasted nearly three hours. On awaking, which he did of his own accord, he appeared stupid and confused, and seemingly not a little surprised at finding himself in the company of foreigners, when, recollecting himself he burst into an immoderate fit of laughter.

"In the present instance, that of a young man about twenty-four years of age, after the second inhalation of the drug, the eyes became full and sparkling, the face began to flush, and the pulse to increase in quickness and fulness; the breathing likewise became more frequent, and the whole system seemed considerably excited. These symptoms continued to increase until the seventh application to the opium pot, (which took place about a quarter of an hour from the commencement,) at which time the pulse was full and bounding, and beating at the rate of 120 in a minute.

"After the next two applications, which were completed within five minutes more, though much less dexterously than the previous ones, he appeared quite stupefied by the drug, and lying down on the couch, instantly fell asleep.

"Being desirous of ascertaining how long he would continue in this state, we did not disturb him, although he snored most profound-

ly, but allowed him to awake of his own accord, which he did in about three hours afterwards.

"Considerable depression seemed now to have followed the previous excitement; the eyes, though still full and projecting, being dull and heavy, and the whole countenance having a languid and stupid expression. The breathing was likewise heavy, and the pulse considerably below the natural standard, being full and laboring, and scarcely beating 60 in the minute.

"The immediate effect, therefore, of the drug in the present instance, and likewise in any others which afterwards came under my observation, was that of a strong stimulant. This, however, was soon succeeded by a still more powerfully sedative effect, which takes place sooner or later, according to the habits of the individual. An old hand will frequently smoke for hours before being completely under its influence, while a beginner, as we observed in the case of our cook, will sometimes be stupefied by two or three whiffs.

"The most inveterate opium smoker that came under our observation during a journey of two months through the interior of the country, was the head policeman, under whose charge we were from the island of Hainan to the mainland of China. This individual was evidently an old stager, and went through the operation with great neatness and dexterity. Commencing soon after he came on board (about five o'clock in the afternoon), he continued without intermission until midnight, when, tired with observing him, I fell asleep.

"The refuse of the pipe likewise is much prized, especially where a superior specimen has been made use of, and is generally the perquisite of one of the servants, who forms it into pills by mixing it with a little oil, to which he treats himself while his master is in a state of oblivion."

**HOW TO PUT A LADY IN GOOD SPIRITS.**—Take her to a milliner's shop and buy her a bonnet. The manageress of one of the most extensive establishments in London, in the course of her evidence the other day, in an action for breach of promise, declared that "ladies are always in good spirits when they go to a milliner's to choose a bonnet." Here we have a valuable recipe, which may be of great use to those gentlemen whose ladies are troubled with ennui and the sullens. Like most applications for the health of those "delicate creatures," however, it is expensive. We believe the efficacy is not confined to bonnets. Ladies love to be purchasing, and we doubt not, if they were permitted to spend their days in shopping, their smiles would be perpetual.

**WELL-MANAGED ELOPEMENT.**—We find the following in the *Brussels papers*, under the date of January 5:—"The whole city is full of the elopement of a young, handsome, and rich heiress, the sister-in-law of one of our ministers, with the nephew of the Bishop of Ghent, on leaving the first ball at court. Four carriages and four, each containing a young couple dressed in the same manner, having set out at the same hour in four different directions, it was impossible to go in pursuit of them. This young couple have arrived in London, where the bans had been published a fortnight before, and they are duly married; they are expected at Brussels to-morrow, when they will pay their new year's visits.

**HOUSES IN ST. PETERSBURG.**—The houses in St. Petersburg are rarely more than one or two stories high, except in the most thickly peopled quarters, where the rising value of the ground has of late years led to the construction of a few houses of four or five stories. They are of rare occurrence, however, and are still looked upon as architectural monsters by the native Russians, who, for the most part, detest the idea of having to mount staircases within their homes. The houses of St. Petersburg, however, make up for want of height by the immense space of ground which they often cover, and by the number of human beings which they often contain. The Winter Palace is supposed to afford shelter to no less than 6,000 regular inmates. In the military hospital 4,000 beds are made up for patients alone. The foundling hospital contains 7,000 children, and the corps of cadets includes at all times several thousand pupils within its walls. There are private houses in St. Petersburg that bring in revenues of fifty and a hundred thousand roubles, or from two to five thousand pounds sterling, to their owners. Mr. Kohl mentions one house, in which there was an extensive bazaar on one side of the ground floor, while on the other a whole colony of English, French, and German traders and mechanics had established themselves. On the first floor dwelt a couple of senators, yet several other families of wealth and consideration occupied spacious suites of apartments there. On the second floor was a school of great celebrity, and most of the professors and teachers had established themselves there with their families. In the back buildings of the same house, independently of many obscure individuals, there was a complete mob of majors, colonels, and retired generals, besides an Armenian priest and a German pastor.—*Foreign Quarterly Review*.

When does a man have a vegetable time-piece?—When he gets a potato clock (gets up at eight o'clock).



WRITTEN FOR THE DOLLAR MAGAZINE.

# THE LIFE AND TIMES OF S. SPECIE SMALLSOUL, ESQ.

BY H. HASTINGS WELD.

## CHAPTER I.

That doubtful things are very uncertain, is a profound truth to which all sages, after due deliberation, have been compelled to yield their assent: and the thoughtless world also, with its usual fondness for jumping at conclusions, has ever admitted without hesitation, that doubtful things are very uncertain,—and, by parity of reasoning, that uncertain things are doubtful. In every man's life some passages befall which come within the description alluded to in this elegant adage: but there is one which is exempt and free from all such mystification—and that one is the positive fact of birth. Prometheus has shut up shop, and never, now, do Pygmaliions convert such statues as they admire into living flesh and blood. Therefore, much as we respect wonderful talents in a man, or worship surpassing beauty in a woman—proudly as we claim for our favorites excellence and advantage over all others in many things, we are still unfortunately compelled to put them on a par with the rest of mankind in the manner of their first appearance upon the world's stage. The advent of all is alike. The warrior who comes into the world to put all its inhabitants in bodily fear, the persecuted lump of animate flesh which is tossed here for a football for all who can exert the muscles of their legs, the philosopher who comes to illumine, and the clod who is destitute alike of transparency, polish, or reflection, all are born. Princes are no more—peasants are no less. The shaver is born—so is the shavee; and having thus carefully surveyed the grounds of our conclusion, we have no hesitation in saying, that, as sure as S. Specie Smallsoul, the subject of our sketch, ever lived, so sure was he born. Not all a biographer's partiality can say more than this for the first event in his history—not all a detractor's malice can say less. He was born—but where? Echo, who is unquestionably a Yankee nymph, notwithstanding the blarney of scholars, as is sufficiently proved by her Yankee habit of answering one question by another, answers—where? Let his birth place go—till the question of the authorship of Junius is positively settled, upon which event we promise to publish an essay upon the claims of Hardscrabble, Gehenna and Notown, Nowhere, to the honor of giving birth to the eminent and illustrious S. Specie Smallsoul.

"Just as the twig is bent," says the poet—to which fragment of a line we venture to add "and so forth," to save a long quotation. It is useful, therefore, to watch the events and developments of green young youth, and thence to trace the progress of education and habit. All notorious characters who have been of consequence enough in the world to be made the subjects of memoirs have been remarkable children—remarkable for not being remarkable, if for nothing else. Anecdotes of their infancy, and precise tables of the dimensions of their bibs, pinafores and piling cloths, are considered essential and interesting items of biography. It is fortunate for all the world that tradition, though she has neglected to remember the birth-place of our hero, has not forgotten to preserve characteristic traits of his non-age. Among the many stories with which wags each several tongue in Mother Rumor's amply furnished mouth, we have selected a few of the most interesting, in order that our duty as an historian may be well and truly executed.

The senior Smallsouls, parents of the illustrious S. S., were awake to the surpassing excellence of steaks, and amused their carnivorous, as well as their combative propensities, with broils. This characteristic caused their culinary department to be furnished with an instrument known in Ude and Mother Glass as the Gridiron; a series of horizontal parallel rods of iron, inserted in a square frame, raised on four legs, which make an angle of about twenty-three degrees with the perpendicular, and furnished with a spout or receiver of the same durable metal, into which receiver the unctious and sanguineous essence of the steak is conducted, while the said steak is suffering the process of broiling. As young Smallsoul learned to observe, he could not but be aware of the existence of such an implement. As he learned to investigate, he became familiar with its uses and component and constituent parts. As he learned to reflect he studied which of those parts might most easily

be dispensed with, and as his turn was solitary, he confided to himself alone, his discoveries, and his action upon those discoveries. Consequently, when the spout above described disappeared, though Samuel knew where it was gone, he was alone in his knowledge. Soon after, had the gridiron been poetical, it might have sung, "Bar after bar departs," and in a little while, it presented the interesting geometrical figure called a parallelogram, without the disfiguration of any bisecting lines across its area. Sam knew where the missing portions were—wonderful young man!—and so also did the errant peddlers of tin, and purchasers of rags and old iron.

At a wonderfully early age did the discriminating young Smallsoul learn what description of rags were suitable for the paper manufacturers. Then the appearance of brack or crack in any garment made of the desired material, was its death warrant. By an ingenuity truly characteristic did he contrive to so increase and multiply its rents that its condemnation was certain—and then its miraculous disappearance was equal in curious secrecy to the dismemberment of the gridiron.—Nails, the rings on the beetle, the wedges, the kitchen cleaver, the loose nails in the barn and fences, the shoe scraper at his father's house door, and those at the doors of the church, crowbars, cold chisels, carpenters' tools, inn rakes, hoes, shovels, every moveable iron thing about the Smallsoul premises disappeared as completely as if the mountain of adamant, visited by Sindbad the Sailor, had suddenly shot up and gone into operation somewhere in the immediate vicinity. The whole of the executive acumen and power of the paternal and maternal Smallsoul were at length called into rigorous exercise by the sudden elopement of the Dutch oven cover and the pot lid, the three legged skillet bearing them company. Active search detected the fugitives in the inmost recesses of a travelling tinman's cart, and the wandering receiver of stolen goods accused our hero of selling them to him. The two culprits were confronted and the crime fixed—the tinman pocketed his loss and decamped, and S. Specie Smallsoul was sent to bed without his supper. His indulgent and wise mother tempered justice with mercy by conveying slyly a piece of "sweet cake" to the culprit, and father and mother then sat in solemn judgment over their tea; conducting an investigation upon his felony.

He was on the morrow condignly punished, you are ready to say—but we beseech you not to say it. If you do, you will only expose your ignorance of the proper discipline of children. A great palliating circumstance came out upon examination. Years before, to teach little Sammy the proper value and true use of money, a box had been presented him by his father. This box—you may see its like anywhere in New England—had a small hole in its top through which money could be dropped in, but it had no aperture through which money could be taken out. The parents bethought them to examine it. Startled and pleased at its unexpected weight, it was opened by the aid of a screw driver. Money has bought off many a culprit—money bought off Samuel S. Smallsoul. The happy parents were in ecstasies at so good a token that their boy "would make somebody" as was afforded by the fact of his hoarding his spoil. The plunder was counted—Mr. Smallsoul, Senior, read a very effective lecture to his boy on the enormity of stealing, and to encourage him to do so no more, placed the contents of the box, some ten dollars, at interest in a savings bank to his son's credit. He was a very sapient parent—to do him justice he was indeed wise after the manner of men. If he did not instil into his son's mind his moral obligations and the penalties of disobedience, he did explain to him the law so far as an infant mind could comprehend its simpler bearings upon individual conduct. He drew a picture in which the State Prison formed an effective perspective, and warned him to beware of evil, not for the sake of virtue, but for fear of punishment. Line upon line, and precept upon precept did he furnish, and while he drew the miseries of punishment in event of detected roguery, he relieved the picture with the pleasures of amassing wealth. S. S. profited by instructions so judicious, and learned to consider a man's duty embraced in this maxim:—"Get money—honestly if you can,—but *get money!*" He regarded business as a method of cheating the law, by so appropriating the goods of others, that while the spirit of the law was defeated, the letter was not infringed. A hopeful Spartan was S. Specie Smallsoul!

Many were the additions made to the honest fund which was bestowed in the Savings Bank, as the nucleus of little Sam's future capital—but in all his winnings he was never again detected in stealing. He had

an eye on all his play-fellows, and whenever he detected the presence of any specie, his whole energies were bent to the task of acquiring it—and seldom was he unsuccessful. Lotteries, raffles, sales of broken toys, of old books first begged, of the windfalls, and sometimes the stonefalls of his father's garden, formed the basis of his business operations. His father forbore to question him too closely, but managed the business of depositing from time to time, for so "smart a boy"—delighted to witness his frugal, business habits. Samuel would have been content to have remained ever at home. He had no ambition but the acquisition of pelf, and was sufficiently amused by his daily gains to desire no more. As if by intuition, before he had ever been to the city—before he had heard of the business of a pawnbroker, he fell into it in a small way. Always with money in his possession, lads learned to go to him regularly upon half holidays to borrow. At first he loaned *gratis*—for he really had some good in his disposition, and down to the day of his death was never known to refuse a favor to an applicant, provided the granting it cost him neither money, risk, time nor trouble. It so happened that one of his comrades disappointed him in the payment of a sixpence loaned. He steeled his heart for a week against all applications. Distress sat on the faces of the mercantile juveniles of the village. Money was hard—Sam refused to discount—and the guns were cleaning for a parade of the village infantry. Without candy and buns what is training day—and without money who may have candy and buns. The distress was extreme, and the "crisis" approaching. Up to the very day before training the alarming scarcity continued. The lads, to be sure, had coppers promised them from their parents, but such precarious receipts were as unequal to the exigency, as the usual business receipts of a merchant in hard times are to the lifting of his notes. Sam sat on the church steps counting his coppers in piles of tens. Eagerly, anxiously did his playmates eye the treasure—but Sam's heart they knew was hard enough to coin, and his arm was too strong to allow himself to be plundered. At length, desperate, the lad who had dishonored his paper, approached the village Rothschild. "Come, Sam, do let a feller have a sixpence." "Better pay the other." "Well, I will pay both next Tuesday." Sam shook his head. "I'll give you another sixpence, too, to pay for keeping you waiting." Another shake. "I will, I hope to die if I don't." Again the head wagged incredulity. "I'll give you something to keep, till I pay you." A new light broke upon the embryo broker—he received the lad's skates in pawn for three sixpences, and offered money to all upon the same terms—*viz.*: fifty per cent, and treble security. The terms were not made in the precise language of older "business men," but in spirit were the same. Sam invested his whole disposable cash, and piled up his father's garret with pledged merchandise. Here commenced his business habits—here was demonstrated his smart ability.

A happy father was the senior Smallsoul when this "business transaction" came to his ears. Now indeed was he sure that "Sam would make somebody." He would always be able to look out for number one. He would live respectable and die rich. To set him at once upon a larger field, the happy father proposed his immediate departure for the city. Sam would not spend the money necessary to procure conveyance, and his father, delighted with this new proof of prudence, advanced him the stage fare from his own pocket, and gave him beside a certificate, setting forth that his time was his own, and that he, the father, left Sam, the son, at fourteen, free to trade and act for himself.—His paternal partiality was farther gratified when he saw the young hopeful provide himself with two days' rations from the cupboard, and set off the next morning, on foot, upon his journey. "There is a tide in the affairs of men," as Shakespeare says, and we have been thus particular in recording the earlier scenes in Samuel's life, in order to shew that unless by this particular chain of circumstances, or some other particular chain, he never could have become S. Specie Smallsoul, Esq. He might have spent his life in the village residence of his father—content with agricultural pursuits, and bargains in cows and horses. He might have lived unhonored, and died unsung, unless, perchance some future eulogist in a country churchyard celebrated him in anonymous fame with a distich like the following:

Some mute inglorious Smallsoul here may rest,  
Some shaver innocent of cent per cent.

## CHAPTER II.

"Upon the hill he turned," not exactly "to take a last fond look," but to calculate how many coppers he left behind him, due but unpaid, and how much pledged merchandise he left in store, which he was unable to take away with him. He was certainly a loser in the aggregate, of as much as four and sixpence, but the money his father had given him made a balance of four dollars twenty-five cents in his favor. So he "dashed away a tear," slung his pack across his shoulders, whistled Yankee Doodle, and stepped off as light as his cowhide brogans would let him. If he had ever heard of Whittington and his cat, it might be supposed that he was thinking of that worthy—but he probably never had. He did think, however, of the mine of wealth which people in the cities are apt to leave lying about for country boys to come in, gather up, and carry off. He thought of those who had gone from the country, and even from among his own acquaintance, scarce worth the clothes they wore, and he thought of himself with a hundred dollars securely deposited. If they became rich, and gentlemen, he certainly might. To this purpose he was resolved to bend all his energies; and a smile of self-satisfaction on his sun-burned visage, welcomed the luminary as he rose—later than Sam—to begin his day's journey. He was satisfied, because persuaded he had taken the first steps in the right path to wealth, and as the mail stage swept by him, he cast a supercilious look at the passengers, as much as to say, "don't you wish you could walk like me!" He was his own man, free, strong, and sure of success.

When walking had sufficiently stirred his appetite, he sat down at a spring on the road side. He had calculated how much time he should spend on the road, and parcelled out his provender into the requisite number of meals to support him. Devouring one of these, he was soon on his legs again. So he toiled on till noon, when he sought a shade and dined. After dinner, as every indication of a shower appeared, he had reared a hay-field. The farmer and his gang all astir to gather in the hay-crop before the shower, and hailed Samuel, begging him to assist them. He was lamentably deaf, till the farmer told him he would pay him—then suddenly gaining his hearing, he proceeded directly to the cart—tossed off his pack into the bottom of it, to be sure that it did not get wet, though the hay might, and fell to work with a will. Just as the hay was housed, the rain came on—and two reasons made it unnecessary that he should be twice asked to "walk in." One was, that he had not yet received that "money;" the other, that a shower is uncomfortable to pedestrians. Once in, he fell upon supper, when it came as naturally as if he was used to eating.—The shower still continued, and when it did hold up, Sam did not betray any unbecoming haste to depart. It was late, and he expected to be asked to tarry the night through. "You can sleep with the boys," was invitation enough for him, and with his pack beneath his head he dreamed of thieves and the metropolis. Sam did not start the next day till after breakfast—nor then till he had followed the farmer out to the barn. "About that pay," said Sam, "I want to be joggin'!" "Well, youngster, I don't know but you'll be hanged for bashfulness, but I don't believe it." "I hope not, I'm sure," said our hero, "I shouldn't think of charging you more than a half." "Half a dollar for pitching a dozen forks of hay into a cart—when you've had supper, lodging and breakfast besides!" But Sam was perfectly serious in his demand, and the farmer paid it, recommending him when he came back to take another road. "Just as you say," said young Smallsoul, without perceiving the inuendo, and on he trudged again. "A pretty good trade too," said he to himself, "supper, lodging, breakfast, and half a dollar. It would have cost some fellers more'n that, right out of pocket." This anecdote the wonderful man has often himself retailed for the benefit of the rising generation. He has given even more of his adventures upon the road, but we have not space for them. Suffice it to say that his ferryage was the first money he had to launch out, on the journey, and that "galled him almightily." He had tried all in his power to make himself useful on the passage, but they only told him he was in the way. So he drew his toll from the inmost recesses of his pocket, and as he stepped on shore, consoled himself with the reflection that he had saved out fodder enough to last him in the city till he found out a certain twenty-fifth cousin on whom he meant to quarter himself.

"My name is Smallsoul," said he to a young gentleman whom he had called from dinner at his boarding house.



"I don't doubt it," said the other. "You look very much like that family."

Sam was pressing directly in.

"But stop my friend—I thought you wanted to speak to me."

"Wal, a'n't you going to ask a feller in?"

"For what?"

"I thought you knew me—I'm a cousin of yours."

"Well—here's a shilling for you—go—go—and don't tell any body else of it," said the cit, as he shut the door in his face.

"That's great," said Sam, "but this is a shilling any how. Four for haying, ninepence for holding a horse, a shilling for nothing—toll out—four and sixpence richer than when I come away." A pitcher of water from above drove him from the door. "Darn the feller's per-liteness," said he, "but I'll call to-morrow, and see if he'll make up the dollar."

Who to accost in his dilemma, Sam did not exactly know. But he had read Franklin—as what New England youth has not, so he drew from his pocket the proven he had saved, and proceeded through the street, munching as he went, and regarding with curious eyes the new and singular objects which met his view. We are bound to add that his deductions from what he saw, by no means lacked shrewdness; and that many a "greener lad" has been thrown into New York with the appearance about him, of much more knowledge of the world. Samuel kept what he did know to himself, as he hoarded his money, in concealment. He preferred that people should esteem him unsophisticated than otherwise, though his acquaintance with words of six syllables had not made him very well versed in the precise meaning of the term.

With the instinctive feeling of—not shame, perhaps, but something akin—with which a gentleman, naturally turns aside into a by-street, when he violates the canons of decency by finishing his cigar in the street, Sam turned from Broadway to gnaw upon the provision which the farmer's supper and breakfast had left in his pack. A few steps carried him down into the classic precinct, then and still known as the "Five Points," though the hand of improvement has swept away many of the peculiar features in which the place rejoiced at the time of Smallsoul's visit. There are some parts of the city equally vile with this, in which the semblance of decency is still preserved one or two hours in the twenty-four; and where the degradation does not run absolute riot, until the shades of night fall to veil its more repulsive features. But at the centre of filth and obscurity, the very court of Silenus, the morning sun rises upon a continuation of the last night's debauch; and as the day proceeds, a succession of repulsive objects courts the glare of the light. There are none to reprove, and none to pity; and even the visitor of these haunts endeavors to conceal what pretension to good behavior he may have left, as if a general good character, or suspicions of respectability, were points to be ashamed of and concealed in such an atmosphere.

And here the juvenile S. Specie Smallsoul—the embryo of the future millionaire, stood in the afternoon of a sultry day in the fall of 18—; devouring with his mouth the last remnants of his traveling pack of provisions—with his eyes the strange spectacle that presented itself—and with his ears the peculiar sounds that defy silence and outrage decency in such places. With a singular and deep interest did he contemplate the exhibition, and as he looked, the expression of surprise which had first possession of his countenance gave way to a bland and open smile—so open, that his teeth were all revealed, and, to borrow a classic simile, "his head was half off." A thought had struck him. That thought found utterance in words—and S. Specie Smallsoul revealed the characteristic idea which had forced itself upon his reflecting mind. "Lodgings and board," said Samuel, "is cheap here." Worthy son of a happy father!

At that moment an outcry rose in a neighboring house. Sam peeped in, and found an unfortunate man endeavoring to protect his eyes and ears from the attacks of two furious beldames, while their children, all squalid and miserable as they were, aided the mothers by furious though puerile aggression, upon the body corporeal of the enemy. His habitual prudence prevented Smallsoul from taking any part in such a fray—nor would he indeed, have interposed himself in the breach, if the case had been reversed, and two men had been beating one woman. He possessed himself of the merits of the quarrel. The man proved to be one of those flint hearts called sub-landlords; and for failure to pay their rent he

was about to eject the wretches, by throwing their miserable furniture out of the windows. As the discomfited landlord retired, hopeless of effecting his purpose against such odds as presented themselves, Sam presented himself to the defeated besieger, and offered to take the two rooms off his hands, with all their living incumbrances, and without waiting for a clearance. Of course the next tenant insisted on "reasonable terms" of rent under such disadvantages; and the lessor stipulated that the rent should be paid weekly in advance. The bargain was sealed at once, over a glass of beer, (at the landlord's expense;) the first week's rent, in amount one half of what the women paid, was counted down; and S. Specie Smallsoul became from that hour a strenuous opponent of any alteration in the New York law of Landlord and Tenant.

### CHAPTER III.

When Samuel had obtained possession of the premises, his first step was to re-exhibit the landlord's warrant to the fractious tenants who had so stoutly resisted his predecessor—he having become by contract with the landlord, possessor of the past debts, as well as of the present incumbrances. The idea of selling the poor traps of the women had never entered into the head of their old landlord; for he knew that what the law would give him would not pay the expenses of the sale; and it required a man; or rather a boy like Smallsoul, to sell out the household goods of the poor for the mere pleasure of robbing them. Stern in his purpose, he was at length induced to forbear for one week only, on payment of the advance rent for that term, yielding him a profit of one hundred per cent only, on what he had himself paid for the wretched tenement. And at the end of the week the same terror was held over the heads of the poor tenants—at the end of another week the torture was repeated, and thus he proceeded, from week to week, making their indebtedness to another the compulsory means under which he obtained satisfaction of his own exorbitant demands.

But it is useless to detail all his small tricks. Domiciliating in the midst of the filth and wretchedness of the most miserable part of the city, he took lease after lease of its wretched houses; paying roundly himself for the privilege of applying the thumb-screws to the poor; and taking care that for every dollar he paid as rent, his sub-tenants should render him two. And yet Sam was in one particular an accommodating landlord. It mattered not to him that the doors of the houses were burned to boil the dinners of the tenants, or that the locks and latches were sold for old iron, so long as the rent was ready when he called for it, always weekly, in advance. And indeed, the more closely the houses were stripped of their metal, the more money did Samuel make; for he had now added to his other business that of a purchaser of junk, old iron, and rags; and when children offered for sale the locks from the houses in his own charge, he was careful to ask no more questions than would drive them by fright, into the sale on easy terms. And while to the absentee owners the property netted such a per centage as Smallsoul paid them, they could not object to an occasional bill for repairs. All available plunder which he purchased, was carefully saved, replaced on the same houses from whence it was taken, and charged to the owners at the price of new. Some fixtures thus went the rounds three or four times over; and the only remark which the shrewd sub-landlord, made, was that much trouble was thus saved; the articles requiring no refitting.

So throve the pride of his father's heart and the joy of his mother. Time would fail us to recount all the expedients by which he brought fish to his net, the various chances for turning a dollar which fell in his way, and the pitiful meannesses to which he descended. Up with the sun, he quarrelled with the very chiffoniers before his door for the possession of a nail which their ingenuity might turn up among the street muck; and all day long he bent his every energy to acquisition. Once in his possession no money ever escaped him again, except such as sufficed to minister to the meanest necessities. Beggars learned to pass him by, conscious that no appeal, the most pathetic, could win from him any thing but a kick; and children avoided him instinctively, as if they feared he intended to possess himself of the very toys in their pockets. Sympathy with human nature he had none; love for any thing created, save the manufactures of the mint never entered his heart—if heart he had. Years thus passed.

The cholera swept the city. All who could, fled; but Samuel, unappalled by death itself, remained to prowl like a hyena among the dying

and the dead. He alone who knows all the deeds and all the motives of men, knows how this man could coin the pestilence—but coin it he did. Unregarded trifles, abandoned by the fugitives in their terror, or left by the dying, where whole families were suddenly swept into the grave, became the property, under some pretence, of Smallsoul. Eagerly did he watch the reports of interments, as the farmer watches the clouds, but to count his continued chances of harvest—and when other men rejoiced that the pestilence afflicting the city seemed to abate, he almost sighed that the removal of the public distress might spoil his plunder of the victims. It was during one of his examinations of a borrowed newspaper, to find the list of interments, that he learned that a letter awaited him in the post. "It may be post-paid," said he, and with the impression of that possibility he visited the office. He saw the letter, he looked at the black seal—he clasped the required eighteen pence in his fingers, and almost drew the coin from his pocket. The clerk turned his head a moment aside—and the magnanimous Samuel Specie Smallsoul slunk away; and run from the office as if he had escaped from an imminent peril.

In spite of himself the letter haunted him. He wished he could have peeped—only once—at the inside—that he could have detected the contents without payment of the postage. He had half a mind to return—but avarice over-mastered him; and he refused to put himself to so onerous a tax as eighteen cents and three quarters, for the gratification of what he denounced as an idle curiosity. Glorious patrons would a city of Smallsouls be for the Ellsler!

#### CHAPTER IV.

Destruction wasted at noon day. Strong in health the father walked forth in the morning, to be brought back at night in the embrace of the destroying angel; and in more than one case, the bearers of the dying man to his home found there awaiting him the body of a wife, a child, a mother, whose "natural heat" had abated to icy coldness, and whose livid countenance made no response of grief or pity to the tidings that their friend had been brought home to die. Children played on the very brink of the grave—fell in—were covered over—and were instantly, in the selfishness of the common woe—the heartlessness of the universal danger, as if they never had been. Preparations for the bridal were stayed; for those who wrought knew not how soon needles might be plied upon their winding sheets; if indeed at such a time, the courtesies due the dead could be remembered. Others hastened to be united, lest the postponement of a day should forever bar the nuptials. The future was almost certain death; the present was the very rocklessness and delirium of fear.

All business was suspended. Men crept stealthily along the streets, starting at the echo of their feet upon the pavement at noonday. Nature herself seemed infected; the very throbs of society were suspended, or struck lazily as if the arteries of social intercourse were in a state of collapse. Acquaintances met each other with no happy glance of recognition, but with an anxious doubting look which seemed to say "can it be possible that you are alive yet?" Men made appointments with the proviso "if I live," and as it was uttered, felt that it was no mere form; but that the impending breath of death might at any moment pierce all safeguards, and chill any heart.

The very newspapers, the patient laborers on which are supposed to know no rest or sleep, partook of the universal fear and blight. Morning papers, filled with old advertisements, the scanty news columns just saved by the report of interments, and a few editorial remarks thereon, went to press at sundown, for the day following. There was no need of more particular intelligence on other topics, for who would read it? Who asked, beyond the state of the public health for news? Who—why, Samuel Specie Smallsoul!

Meeting a hearse at every corner, or turning aside to permit a bier to pass with as much non-chalance as he would have given way to a wheelbarrow, Smallsoul was daily moving about in pursuit of such bargains as the terrible state of the times threw in his way. Now came his ready money into requisition—for what man, save a Smallsoul, will split a penny on the sexton's spade, or drive a bargain with the grave yawning beneath his feet? The eagerness of his occupation perhaps proved his safety; for his little soul, wrapped up entirely in the one absorbing occupation of his life, had no room for fear of death, no time for thought of eternity.

Nor was the distress confined to cities. Suddenly, in the country, at isolated spots, without contact with infected districts, the residents would be shocked and alarmed at the appearance of the destroyer in their midst. The icy hand of the demon of cholera would fall on persons who, in fancied security, read the tidings of the ravages of death in the metropolis, and congratulated themselves, in vain, presumptuous, and selfish complacency, that they were far from danger. Like a bolt of thunder from a cloudless sky, did such visitations shock and alarm the little communities on which they fell. The wise were confounded, and the simple were alarmed at their very shadows. Theory and conjecture were all at fault, and learned treatises, assuming that the disease travelled unseen upon the wings of the wind, or impregnated the earth, and burst out like springs of death, where least expected, mocked the reason, or crushed the timid imaginations of the people! All was doubt—despondence, fear.

Eagerly did those who had absent friends, peruse the newspapers.—Particularly and feverishly anxious were those families, the hope and future being of which were represented by sons and brothers absent on business in that then great charnel house, the commercial emporium. Every public conveyance was watched in its transit from the metropolis, and surrounded at its village stopping places, by men eager to inquire for news; and in every such crowd there were anxious fathers and brothers, who trusted to see alight some son or brother returned safe from the pestilence, to his country friends, in answer to repeated and earnest solicitations. And many who did so attempt to flee, were arrested in their path of flight. Men and women dropped down on board the ferry boats plying from the city; others escaped still farther and were left to die at stopping places on their route, where the residents, assured that no help could avail the sick, studied self-preservation, and left the stranger alone with his God to die. While such stories flew from mouth to mouth, repeated and exaggerated, it is no wonder that questions were many, and that the answers were never deemed satisfactory by the anxious querists. That a man had been seen in health an hour before, was proof that he was alive up to that time, but nothing more—for an hour was sufficient to change all expectations, and to dash all hopes, which depended upon so frail a tenure as human life.

The daily mail-stage stopped before the door of a village tavern in New England. Among the crowd which hurried out to hear the answers of the driver and passengers to the questions which were propounded to them on all sides, a hale old, white-bearded farmer was conspicuous. He had delayed his morning avocations, and waited hours to be upon the spot, without fail, at the arrival of the coach. He looked anxiously in at the windows, and though he felt back evidently assured that the person he sought was not there, he could not give up all hope, until he had examined the face and dress of every personage who alighted for slight refreshment at the inn. Anxiously did he scrutinize every countenance—but to be convinced that his son's was not among them.

Heavy of heart, having begged a city paper of one of the strangers, he proceeded homewards. He delayed looking into the newspaper, until he had reached his own house; and then faint with heat, sick at heart, and trembling with suspense, he ran over the scanty contents of the sheet. *His son's name was not among the dead.* Hope rose, only to sink again—for there were two hundred nameless deaths chronicled; and what assurance could he have that out of the daily multitude of men who became spirits, his son, his well beloved, only child, did not form one of the unknown and unrecorded?

The old man grew weary. It was the heat of the day, he said, and his wife threw wide open the doors and windows, to give a freer current to the air. Sudden fear, even from so slight a circumstance as debility and fatigue, on a summer's day, seized the hearts of the inmates of the house; and in another half hour, fear became certainty—and when night fell on the farm house, it was not so dark as were the hearts of those beneath its roof. The head of the house was dead.

#### CHAPTER V.

"I don't understand it so, at all," said S. Specie Smallsoul, to a man coarse enough in appearance, but evidently possessed of a heart, who had been earnestly expostulating with him. "I don't understand at all why a girl or boy, or child, or man, or any body else should stay on premises where they can't pay the rent."



"But her mother died day before yesterday," said the constable, for such he was.

"Well, your mother's dead too—isn't she? My mother will die one of these days. All mothers must die, and leave room for their children."

"And her father died this morning."

"Well, what of that? A couple of hundred people die every day—there's nothing uncommon in that, is there?"

"And you want me to turn her out of doors into the street with all this trouble on her head?"

"To be sure she must leave my house, if she don't pay her week's rent, in advance, this hour. It's no time to trust, when you can't depend upon a man's living while you are receipting a bill for him!"

"I'll pay it then."

"Now——"

The collector told the money into Smallsoul's hand. He put it in his pocket, and buttoned it in, remarking with a shrug as he did so, that if his generous friend wished to pay any more paupers' rents, he had a few minutes leisure still to spare to receive it. As however the man's pocket could not support such generosity, Smallsoul put his key in the door, as a token that he was going; and thus tacitly turned his visitor out. Pursuing a brisk pace to another part of the city, where, poverty also having settled itself, he was sure to have tenants paying double the proportionate price for hovels that the rich pay for palaces, Smallsoul paused a moment on his way before one of the buildings erected by the Public School Society.

There were no scholars then. People who feared to go out of doors, lest they should be carried, insensible, to some one of the public hospitals, did not dare to trust their children to the risk of infectious contact, in a public school-room, or indeed to permit them to remain for any term of time out of their sight. The school-house had been converted to a hospital; and ever and anon up came the bier, bringing people there—to die. Smallsoul stood and watched one after another, till at length, in a female who had been taken in the street, almost before his eyes, and hurried to the pest house, he thought he recognised an acquaintance. He looked and was satisfied. It was the poor child whom he had but an hour before threatened to turn out of doors. Thrusting both hands deep in his pockets, he moved away at a brisk pace—at first shocked—then gradually receiving and welcoming the pleasant impression that he had received her week's rent in advance; and inwardly resolving that no abatement or allowance should be made, on account of her death, to the generous constable who had paid her rent—"the more fool he to do it!" Strange that no thought of his own danger, or of his own death entered the mind of the sordid man.

As he reached his own door on his return, he was a little startled at the apparition of two skeleton horses, attached to what had been a hackney coach, and still strove to keep up the appearance of one, standing near his house. Convinced that it could be no business of his, as his clients did not usually come in coaches, he had opened his door and was passing in, when the hackman emerged from the shelter he had sought from the broiling sun in a neighboring nook, and called to him—"Sure there's a lady intil the coach."

"Well, what of that?"

"An' she's taken very bad intirely since she took the vabile."

"Take her to a hospital, then."

"Your honor 'll be paying the fare, an' the damage!"

"Me—nonsense, fellow!"

"Look at her, then—spake til her—sure she tould me it was here that!"

But Smallsoul had passed into the house and fastened the door behind him. The hackman knocked in vain, while Smallsoul watched from an upper window, out of ear-shot, for he did not know what appeal might possibly be made to his pride or charity, or into what weakness he might possibly be betrayed by listening. He had heard and seen strange things that day, and the death of the orphan girl left him ill at ease, despite his inordinate selfishness. He felt that, though the interposition of another had saved him the actual deed, he had, in heart, turned her into the street to die; and he almost repented of his brutality. He took down his cash book; and as he entered her rent as one of the items, and figured the money which the constable had paid him for her, his self-possession was restored, and his heart was sealed again.

He looked abroad. The wheels of the coach with its DEAD BURTHEN, which had been repulsed from his door, were turning a distant corner. The dirty and narrow street was still and close, and as the heated pavement sent back the rays of a summer sun, putrefaction and disease seemed to ride on the sunbeams. From cellar and court occasionally emerged the bearers of the dying, hurrying along with haste indecent, that the last feeble breath should be surrendered in the houses provided at the public charge. And Smallsoul lived unharmed, amid all this!

—The good die young,  
While those whose hearts are dry as summer dust  
Burn to the socket.

A few days after this adventure, Smallsoul's attention was called to a paragraph in one of the city papers, by his friend the constable. The paper had lain on his table for a day or two; but the paragraph was unnoticed by Smallsoul, for the sufficient reason that it was headed "Affecting Case." What had he to do with affecting cases? Some beggar's appeal, he said—let the public take care of the paupers! But when assured that there was no appeal to generosity in it, but a request that might possibly be addressed to him, and prove to his advantage, he read: How a widow in respectable circumstances, had come to the city to seek her son, and died in a coach at his door, the hackman said; the son refusing her admittance, and refusing also to hear or examine into the case. Smallsoul trembled as he proceeded. Some valuable baggage was in charge of the coroner, and some money found in the purse of deceased. The initials found on the clothing were also given. It cost nothing to go and look at them, and Smallsoul went.

It was his mother! A little more respect for her remains had been shown than to the bodies of hundreds who filled the great trenches into which the numberless poor were piled; because from her purse the expense of a separate grave was taken. And this had been the fate of the widow—this the treatment of the son to the mother who bore him.

The letter which Smallsoul refused contained a notice of his father's death. The silence which her son preserved, when advised, as she supposed, of the death of his father, induced the widow to brave all fear and danger, and hasten to the city to seek the son whom she was persuaded could but be sick or dying, that he did not answer. Having lost the father, her whole soul was wrapped in the image of the son; and she came to his residence, but to die at its door. And this was the reward which the mother reaped, who taught her son, or permitted him to think that gold is the greatest good on earth; and that to obtain its possession, all virtues save technical honesty may be sacrificed; and all vices are to be rated as more or less vicious as they are more or less expensive.

Smallsoul is dead—and the newspapers have published his obituary. He has endowed colleges and bequeathed money to philanthropic associations. He has made wealthy corporations his legatees, and established professorships to bear his name. He has mocked religion by throwing the coinage of the widow's heart, the sweat of the orphan's brow, the agony of the mother's soul, the life, and health, the very breath and flesh and bones, of those whom in his life he oppressed, into the Treasury of the Temple. Verily the widow's mite shall be counted to her more than all his ostentatious charity.

But what said the newspapers? They spoke of him as "our late lamented fellow-citizen"—"the charitable," "the pious," "the worthy." And his epitaph inscribed on marble contains the essence of all this adulation, epigrammatically expressed. Beside the spot selected for his grave, are supposed to rest the remains of his mother, rescued from Potter's Field; for another lying epitaph records the falsehood, that the monument was erected "By her affectionate son."

Remember that something harder than pennies is hoarded, when children are taught avarice in their cradles.

Martin Luther said—"Wealth is the smallest gift of God. What is to be compared with His word, or corporeal gifts, such as beauty, health, and activity? What is it to the gifts of the mind—such as intellect, science, and taste?" And again, he said as truly—"God commonly gives riches to gross asses, to whom He can afford nothing else."

From the Ladies' Companion.

## FITZ POWYS AND THE NUN; OR, DIPLOMACY IN HIGH LIFE.

BY NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.

Some half dozen years ago, Mrs. Wilfrid Lefevre, a widow with marriageable daughters, suddenly rose like a meteor into the thin air of London fashion. Her first party was a faultless combination, and her subsequent parties went on—not by ascending gradations, for there was no choicer company, no better music, nor more admirable disposition of light, supper and decoration, to be attained this side of Paradise, or Paris—but they were equal to the first, and the fickle *beau-monde* remained constant. Of the small number in high society who owed their position exclusively to superiority of style, Mrs. Lefevre was, in 1836, the indisputable star dominant. She vanished from her high orbit at the close of the season, having brilliantly married all her daughters! And her Napoleonic genius, more particularly in this latter field of strategy, remains to this day the sphinx riddle to the managing mothers of May Fair.

The patriotism of ladies in no country ever required stimulus; but it may add "a rose leaf to the brimming cup" of American female patriotism to mark the difference between the situation of marriageable girls in England, and marriageable girls in the United States. The difference is almost told when we stop to explain why it should be a marvel that Mrs. Lefevre married all her daughters; but a marvel it certainly was, highly accomplished, beautiful and stylish as were the Misses Lefevre, without exception.

In our country every young man means to marry, and unless his abilities are very inferior, he is able at twenty-five, or sooner, to offer the lady of his choice a comfortable home. It is not the fashion, moreover, (and this is very wonderful to Europeans) for the lover to make any direct inquiries as to the lady's worldly substance, or to exact any thing whatever beyond the *limpida camisa* in which she blushes into matrimony. The result is that all American ladies have a chance to marry, and most of them a "considerable sprinkle" of variety in choice, their success in winning the right one depending entirely on their own intrinsic qualities and attractions. From the liberal freedom of intercourse allowed between young people, (the most marked peculiarity of our national manners, by the way,) the dissimilarities of temper which breed repentance in wedlock are unstarched in time, and an American husband or wife has no apology for the discovery of flaws *post-matrimonial*.

*Audi alteram partem.* Of the young men, say fifty, who are on the visiting list of a family of nice girls in England, not more than five or six are, or ever will be, good matches in point of fortune, and the remainder are not to be thought of, however agreeable—partly because the parents would oppose, and partly (a very essential "partly") because the young gentlemen, doomed to a limited income, are as much resolved not to marry except to better their condition, as the young ladies; and meantime are not at all forlorn as irresponsible bachelors. The five or six "matches" are also "sore beset by hundreds of other nice young girls, (or by their mammas for them,) and as "rich and noble means not, of course, gifted and wise," the winner is not always as much a subject of envy as she seems. With the forty-five unmarried beaux mademoiselle may dance and chat, (properly chaperoned) but to venture upon the outermost limit of sentiment or flirtation, except to pique a marrying man, or hide a mortification, would be unpardonable indiscretion. The natural result is, that if a man is not "a match," he finds unmarried girls very unamusing, and married ladies are so willing to supply the deficiency that he seldom speaks to a Miss, except it is his sister or cousin, or some quite safe old maid, very useful or very literary. The changes in civilization, moreover, while they furnish no amelioration of female celibacy, tend continually (by the perfection of clubs, usages of hospitality, depreciation of married reserve, etc.) to embellish and make more attractive the life of a "bachelor," added to which the name has ceased to be a reproach, while that of "old maid" has not, and there is a very common feeling in society that a man is not justified in marrying except with a certainty of competence—marriage not being an engagement "for better or for worse," but for *better only*. The chances are at least ten to one that an English girl never receives a plausible offer, fifty to one she never marries, and a hundred to one she does not marry the man she would have chosen, fortune aside. With this contrast, are we wrong in pronouncing America the paradise of young? This by way of digression.

And now for a story which will prove that there is no place like the heart of London for a mystery.

The sun was apparently dropping into its suburban lodging at Bayswater, and the ring in Hyde Park was deserted by all except the *recherchés* who flit with the bats by twilight. Lady Sylvia Trenor hated a crowd even in Rotten Row,\* and usually ordered her chariot for a turn in the Park at the hour when the impertinence of daylight became less intrusive. Her dashing blood greys, not the less scornfully superb because pampered for dew and dusk, had hardly scattered the gravel once round upon the pedestrians in the circle, when the primrose-gloved hand of the best mounted man in London was laid upon her chariot win-

The fashionable segment of the Ring in Hyde Park.

dow. The perpendicular coachman instantly moderated his pace, and the equally intelligent animal ridden by Mr. Fitz Herbert Powys (trained, among other accomplishments for chit-chat at carriage windows) took care of his legs and his master's, and incorporated his momentum into that of her Ladyship's equipage as completely as the flying griffin upon the panel.

"How d'ye do, Fitz?"

"How d'ye do?—just come?"

"Before I forget it, what do you with yourself to-night?"

"Sulk at home, unless you are to be alone. What's going? I'm so sick of every thing?"

Lady Sylvia handed him an unsealed note.

"From the Lefevres, and you *must* go," said the little beauty, very positively.

"Isn't that the woman with a dozen daughters to marry? Really I can't. What's one to say to so many stuck up girls, and I'm never let alone, you know! Besides, if one wanted to air one's heels, it's Wednesday, the Duke's ball."

"Well, don't put on that imploring air. There will be the Duke's balls 'till doomsday—"

"If doomsday come on a Wednesday!" interrupted the dandy.

"Poh! listen! These Lefevres are worth going to, my dear Fitz!—Nothing was ever so perfect as their parties—nothing was ever seen like their toilettes—nobody knows where they get their music—no money can buy such flowers—it's witch-work, the *style* of the people. Go you shall! Dine with me at nine."

"Sir Thomas?"

"Sir Thomas dines out."

"Convenu! Adieu!"

Mr. Fitz Herbert Powys had been of age and the possessor of an enormous fortune just a year. Up to this time he had been carefully kept upon moderate means at foreign Universities, and was well educated, good looking, and good tempered. His family being very respectable, there was nothing to qualify the fact that he was the best match of the season. His life was of course an amatory gauntlet. His past life, his tastes, his weak points, his resorts, and his opinions were, to Misses and Mammas, surprisingly fair. From feeling flattered with all this, however, he had now got to fancy he was rather hunted; and, in truth, Powys found it so much more agreeable to accept the more disinterested attentions of married belles, that his case was rapidly degenerating into a chronic Missyphobia. With his four-in-hand, his great popularity at the clubs, his seeming endless facility of making favor with brilliant women, and a superb establishment in Park Lane, the chance of his sighing for a change in his condition seemed desperate indeed.

As a supplement to this sketch of Fitz Powys, I may as well quote a remark of Mrs. Lefevre's, made just a week before the period at which he is introduced to the reader. This quiet person had, unobserved, listened for an hour to his conversation with Lady Sylvia at the last Almack's.

"Well, what is he like?" asked her daughter, Melicent, who had not yet made her appearance in London society.

"Like a child stuffed with *bons-bons*, a longing for a piece of bread, my love! His humors are all surfeited, and his heart starving for a romance or nature. *D'ailleurs*, a very proper match for you!"

The weather seemed in the conspiracy to embellish the Lefevre's ball, and the Regent's Park, in the soft moonlight, looked, from the rapidly whirling carriages, like a vision of restored Italy. In the vicinity of the gay scene, the coachmen, ranged along the park palings, leaned with their elbows upon the hammer-cloths, watching the swans floating in the sward-rimmed and moon-lit water; the footmen were crowded about the door, feasting their profane eyes with glimpses of satin slippers tripping across the carpeted sidewalk; heavenly music poured into the street from the open verandahs, and for half a mile, either way, extended a line of night-capped heads from the upper stories, the tender hearts of the neighbors' house-maids (of the same sex as the noble dames and damsels at the ball, though it requires some reflection to realize it) throbbing upon the window-sills in sleepless sympathy.

Lady Sylvia was late. The beauty of the night had tempted her to come from Belgrave Square by the way of Hempstead—Mr. Fitz Powys having on him a tertian of romance to which he was subject.

"Tell Mrs. Lefevre's people not to announce," said her ladyship to her footman before alighting, and so entering quietly on Powys' arm, she avoided the reception room, and mingled with the dancers on the floor.

"After this waltz," said Powys, "I shall stalk round and see the rooms, and then find some of the fellows and go to supper. Don't introduce me to Mrs. Le—what's-her-name, unless we break our necks over her, and the Misses if you love me! What divine music, to be sure!" he added, as he encircled the round waist of Lady Sylvia, and fled away in the waltz.

The house occupied by the Lefevres was one of the most spacious in London, having been built by the eccentric Lord —, who was afterwards confined in it as a madman. Accustomed as Powys was to splendor, he wandered around in admiring astonishment. The number of the rooms seemed endless, and the arrangement a labyrinth, yet there were just persons enough without a crowd, and no one seemed unoccupied or unamused. Of the larger rooms the walls were covered with plaited linen, dazzlingly white, and overlaid with gilded arabesque, knotted with bouquets of natural flowers, camellias and water-lilies predominating.—



There were no doors visible, but the gorgeous boudoirs, hither and thither, showed each a double mirror of the height of the ceiling, set in silk, or swung upon an unseen hinge, (mirrors to those within and to those without), and closed at pleasure by the pressure of the finger, leaving the existence of the retreat unsuspected.

Powys' acquaintance with the guests was nearly universal, but having made up his mind to "do" the party as expeditiously as possible, he nodded right and left and kept on his way; yet he began to think, after a while, that "a glamour" was thrown over his eyes, for in every successive room he immediately singled out a lady of singular superiority of style and countenance, and on inquiring her name heard immediately the same reply, "Miss Lefevre." Dressed in totally different styles, so much so at least as to disguise any family resemblance that might exist, they were, each, the most striking ornament of the apartment that seemed to be allotted to her care; and though in the exercise of the vicegerence of hospitality, every successive Miss Lefevre passed her eye over Mr. Powys with a very perceptible recognizance, he was aware by an influence he could scarcely explain, that his presence was without its usual effect upon their Missships, and that he had just as much ice to break in making their acquaintance as a "detrimental" with £200 a-year.

Piqued and out of humor at this refusal of his usual tribute, (indifferent as he really was to it when paid), Powys turned towards a conservatory, which was set ajar by Miss Lefevre at his approach, probably for fresh air. It was of a crescent shape, and filled with delicious flowers; and soothed with its fragrance and coolness, the discontented millionaire followed its course, till the shining rooms he had left were out of sight, and he stood alone with the moon shining in upon him through the roof of glass. The sudden interruption of the music of the band made him aware at this moment that the door behind him had been closed again, and with a renewed feeling of pique at the implied inattention of Miss Lefevre, who had seen him enter, he turned to retrace his steps.

"Fitz!" suddenly cried a shrill voice from the other direction. "Fitz! Fitz!"

Powys started. Could the conservatory lead round again to the ball-room? Who was calling him? Not Lady Sylvia's voice, surely!

"Fitz! Fitz!" called the strange voice with a more impatient emphasis.

The light of the moon just sufficed to show the alley of flowers leading into the darkness, and expecting presently to emerge in the supper room or some lighted portion of the house, Powys turned towards the voice, which, with strange iteration in the same shrewish key, tempted him onward. Stumbling over the raised threshold of a small vestibule, he now saw a light gleaming through the slight opening of a door before him, and from the room beyond the cell evidently proceeded. Using no ceremony, he pushed the door inward—remarking that though it moved upon a noiseless and easy hinge, it was unusually massive—and found himself in an apartment which seemed at the first glance to be a chapel.

"Fitz! Fitz!" screamed the voice again directly over his head. He had barely discovered that it was a caged parrot which was calling to him so lustily, when, in the deep embrasure of a window opposite he observed a female busied in opening a shutter. As she succeeded in turning a heavy bolt, the opened window let in a rush of air, and the door by which he had entered was shut with a loud reverberation. The window he observed with surprise, also, was grated, and with a smile on his face at the aspect of adventure which every thing seemed to wear, he advanced to the female who, apparently unaware of his presence, stood looking out upon the night through the bars of the grating.

A scream of dismay followed the first word he uttered, and Powys beheld, with amazement, a face turned to him folded in the close-fitting coif of a nun, yet of a beauty in the highest degree impressive and striking.

"Who are you?" she demanded in a voice husky with terror, but at the same time drawing up her lofty person to its fullest height.

With utterance scarcely more assured than her own, Powys began his apology, and aided by the parrot who broke in with the shrill repetition of his name, was in the midst of an embarrassed account of his travels through the dark, when the incognito sprang to the massive door, beat upon it with her hands, uttered cries of rage and terror, and finally fell upon her knees before the altar crowned with a crucifix, and buried her face in her hands in a paroxysm of distress.

Powys now began to fancy he had intruded upon the prison of a maniac, and crossed to re-open the door, but here again he was, at fault, for it presented a solid surface of oak without handle or aperture, and had evidently closed with a spring-lock at the gust which followed the opening of the shutter. Through a small door at the extremity of the room, he saw the head of a narrow, white bed, with a crucifix against the wall above it, but delicacy forbade him to seek an exit there, and he stood still in fixed and silent embarrassment.

The lady rose. Tears glistened upon her long lashes, but her lip was curled with pride and resentment. There was no madness, Powys thought, in those glorious eyes, and looking at a clock which stood opposite the altar, she said, with a gesture of impatience, "Take a seat, sir; I regret to say you are a prisoner in this room till morning. Fatal—fatal chance!"—and again she buried her face in her hands and turned away to conceal her passionate emotion.

Powys thought he never had beheld a more exquisite form than that which now moved from him. The dress of spotless white was fitted simply and closely to a bust of the youthful mould, and divine outline of

a Hebe, and the contour of the whole figure and the singular flow and dignity of her movement, kindled an admiration which for the moment overpowered his surprise. In that interval of silence he observed also, that, though furnished as a chapel with oratory and altar, the room contained a harp, implements of drawing, flowers, and other signs of constant female habitation.

"Fitz! Fitz!" screamed the parrot at this inopportune and delicate crisis.

Powys bit his lips. The lady looked round at the bird with a glance of vexation, and encountered the half mirthful gaze of the intruder. She colored angrily for an instant, but Powys' sense of the ludicrous getting the better of his gravity, he burst into a violent fit of laughter, and with the tears still in her eyes, the offended nun hysterically followed him.

Evidently enraged at the turn things had taken, she made several attempts to control her own mirth and silence that of her companion. But with the first word of allusion to their imprisonment, the picture of their situation provoked a renewal of laughter on the part of Powys, and it was too contagious to resist. They were now seated, *vis-a-vis*, in two comfortable *fauteuils*, however, and a common sympathy, involuntary as it was, had done much to remove the awkwardness of their position. Powys' good-breeding came to his aid, and with his gravity, returned the somewhat romantic sense of the lady's unparalleled loveliness.

"It is very unfortunate," said she, with the least possible mischief trembling in the bright corner of her mouth, "that the husband of my German maid should answer to a name so nearly resembling your own. The parrot's lesson was 'Fritz,' but as the *r* troubled him he learned it with a variation."

Powys smiled, but ventured upon the natural gallantry of calling the circumstance any thing but a misfortune. Respectful as his manner was, however, he had driven the nun back again upon the reserve, and it was with very brief and reluctant narration that she explained the mystery of her own seclusion in London. She had been permitted (so ran her story) by the Abbess of the convent of ——— in Germany, in which she was destined to pass her life, to spend the closing year of her novitiate with her mother in England.

"And how much yet remains?—pardon me!" interrupted Powys, coloring and checking himself at the eagerness of his own voice.

"A month. I am to take the black veil in August. The peculiar construction of this house, with the addition made for the confinement of the insane Lord ———, favored my mother's pledge of complete seclusion for me during this indulgence, and till this fated evening, it has seemed to me as far from the world as the cell of my convent. My mother and sisters, and the German maid who accompanied me, alone enter here."

A discreet question or two elicited the further information that the door (usually closed after the vesper hour, and opening only from the outside) had been left open by her sister that she might hear some of the new music of the band and that Mr. Powys' liberation depended solely on the hour at which the asid German maid should appear with the novitiate's breakfast. With the dissipation of a ball in the house, this promised unluckily to be later than usual.

Apparently quite reconciled to his share of the vigil, Powys took a volume of German poetry from the table, on the blank leaf of which he observed the name of "Melicent," and with his continental education, soon found topics upon which conversation flowed very freely. His companion was as well read in German poetry and legend as himself, and with an exchange of enthusiasm on this and similar topics, the reserve of sister Melicent and the remaining hours of the night wore away with equal rapidity.

Morning dawned, and the nun betook herself to her matins. In adoration (perhaps more abstracted than her own) Powys watched her graceful figure kneeling in the oaken oratory, and listened to the low murmur of her voice. Her devotions had not power to calm the troubled flush upon her cheek, and with a beauty more radiant than sainted, the fair Melicent arose and let in the gold beam of the rising sun. And for the first time in the history of that luminary (as far as we are informed) its chaste dawn looked upon a declaration of love.

It was an exquisite hand with which the sorely tempted novice crossed herself, calling on the saints to preserve her in this unexpected straight, but the simplicity of a conventual education not having supplied the art of gradually yielding to a lover, and the saints not appearing at the summons as she had been taught to believe they would do, bodily, this lily-white hand lay imprisoned in Fitz Powys', with no mortal means of extrication. Doubtless, with time to rally, the beleaguered nun would remember how she might have resisted, but it was not so ordained. Unexpectedly as old Bertha arrived at ten o'clock with muffins and coffee, the lovers had still found time to arrange a little surprise for the West End of London.

"*Gott in Himmel!*" exclaimed the faithful German as she opened the door of the sanctuary and dropped the coffee tray in her astonishment. The gliding nun, however, quietly slipped between Bertha and the door, and cut off the chance of a too precipitate retreat, and when the muffin and *et ceteras* were re-gathered, it was explained to the slow comprehension of the lay sister that her mistress "would not be a nun!" Gold spectacles were not wanting to aid Bertha's imperfect vision, and she ended by seeing the expediency of letting Mr. Powys out by the garden gate, and of following him, with the novice, out of the same gate, just twelve hours after.

Among those who were surprised with the return of Mr. and Mrs.

Fitz Powys from Gretna Green, was Lady Sylvia Trenor, but *not* among the surprized were Mrs. Lefevre and her daughters. Powys had only one surprize during the honey-moon—that of discovering that old Bertha had no husband whose name was Fritz, and that the parrot was the exclusive property of Mrs. Lefevre! Not of a very inquisitive nature he never inquired how it came to be taught the first syllable of his aristocratic prenomem. What matter was it? He had got a beautiful and highly educated wife by the means, though *very possibly indeed*, but for the singular combination of circumstances on the night of her mamma's ball, she might never have been the controller of a millionaire's million—a better sphere for a pretty woman than a cell in a nunnery, to be sure!

With so much to manage in a single season, Mrs. Lefevre had of course no leisure for forming intimacies, and it was even said that, except on the occasion of her brilliant balls, nothing but a visiting card ever found admission into her door. It was enough for the gay world to know that the *entree* was desirable enough when she chose to accord it, and that she had been introduced to the leaders of fashion by very high sponsors. When Mrs. Lefevre disappeared, therefore, at the close of the season, and her whereabouts was not even surmised by the Court Journal, no thought was given to the matter, and there was no bereaved intimate friend to take to heart the mystification. Of what family the Lefevres were, and what their dowries were, it was presumed by the inquisitive that the six husbands had taken pains to ascertain—yet no whisper, on either of these points, reached, at the time, the avid ear of rumor.

In '39, three years after these events, a certain gay continental sovereign was in England, under a strict *incognito*, and as simple Monsieur —, passed his time exclusively among the *ci-devant* six Misses Lefevre. His striking resemblance to every one of them, in a greater or less degree, provoked some curiosity among the diplomats, and it is now believed, by Lady Sylvia, for one, (who, by the way, has resumed her confidential friendship with Mr. Powys,) that these young ladies were a detachment from a very large family, (with several mothers) of royal lineage on one side only! To which of these demi-princesses Mrs. Lefevre was the natural parent, or whether she bore this relation to either of them, is, perhaps, to themselves, matter of doubt; but whether a frail favorite in her *decadence*, or a diplomatic agent only in the matter, she certainly acquitted herself with a felicity worthy of a white stone in history.

From the Cygnet.

### THE OLD MAID OF THE FAMILY.

"Oh! no my dear aunt, it is quite in vain to talk to me of comfort now. How is it possible I can even *think* of happiness, when I am going to be separated for three long years from all I love!" exclaimed the youthful Charles Mordaunt, with all the enthusiastic grief of an affectionate heart, on preparing to leave for the first time the house of his father.

After exhausting all the ordinary topics of consolation without effect, his aunt entreated him to show more fortitude, and assured him that the absence now so bitterly regretted would, at some future period, be regarded as one of the lightest evils of his life.

"Whatever cares fate may have in store for me, none can be more keenly felt," replied he; "but you cannot sympathize with me; you cannot tell half the pangs it costs me to part with Emily; because you, the old maid of the family, were never in love, you know."

"My dear Charles," said his aunt, with a melancholy smile, "though age has silvered o'er my hairs, I can feel for you; and did I not know the derision bestowed on an old maid dwelling on the charms of former conquests, I could detail a simple history of the 'course of truest love, which never did run smooth.'"

Affected by her manner—for Charles fondly loved the aunt, who had been to him as a second parent,—he conjured her with such earnestness to confide her little narrative to him, that, unable to refuse, after a short pause she thus commenced her tale:

"The second daughter of an ancient and respectable family, I appeared from my birth destined to a life of luxury and indulgence, and was envied by many a poor laborious cottager, at the very time when I should have been too happy to have resigned my silken robes and beds of down for the coarsest raiment and the rudest pallet, unembittered by contempt and unkindness. My eldest sister, Maria, was a beauty from her cradle. Courtied by her dependents, flattered by her acquaintance, and idolized by her parents, she appeared a little goddess whose every word was love. With me the case was far different; the nurse protested she could not discover a trait of my parent's beauty in my poor sallow countenance; my father declared I was as ugly as a young crow; and my mother sent me continually back to the nursery, that my ceaseless crying might not give her the vapors. Neglected and despised, I became reserved and silent; denied sympathy from the living, I sought instruction and amusement from the dead, and early found in my father's library my only real pleasure. Fortunately for me, it had been selected with equal care and judgment by one of my ancestors, who was a lover of literature; and even my indiscriminate taste for novelty could not mislead me on this occasion; the ardor with which I devoted every leisure hour to study was a fruitful source of ridicule, and I was alternately called the walking library and the old maid of the family. Two beings alone seemed to look on me

with affection, and to them every faculty of my soul was devoted. You will already have concluded that one of them was your amiable mother, the friend that nature had given me, and which even false intelligence could not decoy from me; every trifling boon was obtained through her medium, and every sorrow banished before her sympathy; her triumphs became mine, and her light-hearted gaiety drew forth my most frequent smiles. The other—what will you say when you hear your old maiden aunt learned to love him ere she had words to tell him so?—similarity of character, and some circumstances in his situation too much resembling mine, endeared us to each other. Our mutual affection was a subject of mirth to our fathers, who often rallied us upon a sympathy which they suffered to grow with our growth, and strengthen with our strength, until it seemed interwoven with our existence. Alas! how thoughtlessly do parents suffer their children to associate in early youth with those whom they would shrink from as the friends of maturer age! and after having suffered an attachment of the sweetest years of their life to ripen unchecked, as a mere childish fancy, expect, with one stern sentence, to efface in a moment the impressions of years. But in order to prevent your accusing me of a deficiency of duty, or natural affection to the authors of my being, let me give you a slight sketch of their characters and habits.

"Descended from a noble family, and heir to great possessions, my father married early a woman who was the beauty of the country in which she lived—the queen of every ball, the animating spirit of every party. How was it possible for her to find leisure for cultivating her understanding, or strengthening her principles? Pleasure and admiration were all they lived for; their table was spread with luxuries: for their house was indiscriminately open to the idle, the profligate, and the mean, who repaid, with open flattery and secret slander, the bounty which was slowly, but certainly, effecting our ruin. At the other end of the village resided a family of a very different description, but one whom circumstances connected us with in the closest ties of intimacy. Mr. Neville was the founder of his own family; but, having labored half a century to realize the golden dreams of his childhood, and succeeded beyond his most sanguine hopes, he was suddenly seized with the ambition of becoming a country gentleman, disposed of his house in town, took his name out of the firm which had been so long his pride, purchased an estate three times the value of ours, and determined that, at least, his children should be gentlemen. The oldest on whom he settled the chief part of his estate, he placed in the Guards, and determined to marry him to an heiress, whose birth should atone for the want of splendor in his own. Rich, beautiful, and well born, Maria appeared to possess all the requisites he so earnestly desired; and as Alfred Neville was handsome, fashionable, and attentive, he soon became a favorite with her in no common degree. Equally agreeable to all parties, their marriage was to be solemnized on the day when Alfred came of age, and until that time he was sent to acquire spirit, and get rid of the rust of an early residence in the counting-house, by a nominal performance of the duties of a soldier. Infected so fully with the mania of making an eldest son, Mr. Neville completely forgot that anything beyond a bare competence was requisite for his younger son Edward. Thrown into the shade by the more glaring qualifications of his brother, he was stigmatized as devoid of manly spirit, because he had the humility of a Christian; and as debased by fondness for low society, when he wished to add to the comforts of the poor. His little wife, as I was called, until I was persuaded we were destined by our parents for each other, became the plaything of his childhood, the friend of his youth, and the secret inspirer of every exertion of his manhood, while his father, who had apparently encouraged his infantile love for the neglected, plain, little Ellen Percival, was occupied in continual projects for establishing his fortune by a wealthy marriage, without diminishing the immense wealth of his brother. At length the opportunity so much coveted occurred; a rich sister of a penurious merchant was fascinated, as she romantically assured her brother, by the unconscious Edward. Mr. Traffic was anxious to be taken into Mr. Neville's late firm; and on this sole condition consented to the wishes of Mr. Neville and his sister. Every preliminary settled, Edward was summoned from college, and acquainted with his father's commands for his falling in love with the lady, or her fortune, as expeditiously as possible. Astonished beyond measure, he remonstrated, positively refused, and finally was driven from his paternal roof to seek his fortune in a pitiless world, because he disdained to accept a hand which, regardless of the delicacy of her sex, was offered unsolicited, and clung fondly to hopes which for eighteen years he had nourished. Too disinterested to involve the object of his affection in his difficulties, he took leave of her without even by a word or look endeavoring to attach her to him—and after a short time became the tutor of two younger brothers of one of his college friends."

"And how did you bear this separation?" eagerly inquired Charles, as his aunt paused with a sigh at the recollection.

"I had sorrows of even deeper interest pressing around me, which scarcely allowed me time to dwell upon it. My father's inattention to his affairs had encouraged his agent to make such gradually increasing encroachments on his estates, that soon after this event his clamorous creditors brought forward their claims with such importunity, that my poor father, too ignorant of business to understand even his own accounts, and too indolent to make any effort, committed all to his agent, who, producing bills to more than the amount of the remainder of our property, took possession of the estate by foreclosing the mortgage, and we were left without a home to shelter us, or the means of procuring



one, except by the sale of our clothes and trinkets. Poor Maria appeared for a short, a very short time, alas! like the star of hope pointing to future comfort; and at first, in the warmth of a romantic imagination, was grateful for the adversity which would prove the constancy of her affianced husband. Over and over again did she assure her parents that her home should be their home, and that her husband should be to them a son, a friend, a protector; but when day after day wore away, and still the long expected letter never came, she began to feel that worst sickness of the soul, hope deferred, slowly fading into despair. Their wedding day at length arrived: but oh! how differently had we anticipated it! Alfred came down to his father's to celebrate it, but he brought a wealthier bride. Maria gazed on him for the last time as he drove past her humble cottage. The shock was too violent—a long and severe illness was the consequence; and when she rose from the bed of sickness and sorrow, I had scarcely sufficient resources to procure her even the commonest nourishment. With all the pride of a nobleman of former days, my father refused to permit me to add to our fast failing fund by exerting my industry or ingenuity; and yet every deprivation he was compelled to submit to became a source of repining. Then it was that I felt the advantage of having been early accustomed to mortifications; it had taught me patience. I had hopes of a world of bliss where the tears should be wiped from all eyes; and as I looked at my father's grey hairs, I blessed the God who had sent affliction to wean him from too great a love for this world. Our last guinea was already spent, and I was in vain endeavoring to convince my father of the necessity of my accepting some employment to enable us to pay for our lodging, when a packet was put into my hands containing a bill for thirty pounds, but without a line or signature to tell us what kind friend had sent it.

The direction was in a stranger's hand; but I felt that I could not be deceived, and involuntarily exclaimed, "This is Edward Neville's kindness." Little did I foresee the tempest these few innocent words were to occasion! Still wounded by the barbarity of Alfred, my parents vehemently protested that no one of that family should ever hold intercourse with ours; and it was not until they had persuaded themselves he was too base to assist us in the most trifling manner, that I could induce them to make use of a sum indispensably requisite to us. Let me hasten over this part of my story. My sister's fever communicated itself to my parents, and one short week saw them both consigned to the grave. Within the following fortnight I received a proposal to superintend a charity school, from a lady in a retired village, fifty miles from our former abode. It was indeed a humble employment for the daughter of a peer, but I could by that means support myself and my invalid sister; and I felt it would have been infinitely more degrading to have been pensioners of our noble relations. The task of instruction was at first difficult; but an earnest desire to succeed enabled me every day to find it more easy. I became a favorite with my young pupils; their friends, though rude in manners, were sincere and friendly. The clergyman of the parish visited us. I need not dwell on the comfort his society imparted, since you know your kind-hearted father has ever found his great delight in doing good. You have doubtless guessed that he induced Maria to forget the worthless Alfred; but you cannot know, nor did we, until sometime after their marriage, that Edward, his college friend, had engaged him to recommend me as a candidate for the school. He too had his trials. His father died suddenly while his anger was still unsoftened, and his will unaltered, by which Edward was disinherited. His brother, seeking in gambling a resource for the misery of his domestic life, dissipated his property, and fell by his own hand. Edward still persevered, deprived himself of every relaxation, practised the most rigid self-denial, and was at length, in the twenty-eighth year of his age, by the death of his brother, put in possession of what remained of his patrimonial estate. To the spendthrift it had appeared beggary, to his brother it was a noble independence. It was communicated to me by a letter from Edward, in which he requested me to share it with him. He for the first time avowed his long and constant affection, and hoped we should forget our early sorrows in this long deferred union. In the conclusion of his letter he slightly mentioned having been ill, and still retaining considerable weakness; but he trusted good nursing, country air, and, more than all, a mind at ease, would soon restore him to health and happiness.

In another day he told us to expect him. He came; but how changed! Death had already set his seal on every feature—yet one faint flush on his hollow cheek, one bright glance of his sunk eyes, told me that his soul was still the same, his love unchanged. A feeble pressure of my hand, a wintry smile, and a look from me to heaven, bade me hope to meet him where we should part no more, and with a gentle sigh he yielded up his spirit in my arms.

"And yet you are cheerful, you are patient, you are contented—what secret cause has given you comfort?" said her nephew, deeply affected.

"The only source of consolation which never fails those who seek it—my Bible and my God. Edward left me his representative. At first, in all the bitterness of anguish, I cried—'Now fortune comes too late!' but the poor and the helpless came to my gate for succor—I turned their sorrow into joy, and I shared some of the pleasure I imparted. By degrees my mind grew calm—I felt that I had still ties to attach me to the world—you and your sister became to me as children—the sense of doing good soothed me, and the acuteness of sorrow faded into resignation."

"Oh! how impatient, how unreasonable must I have appeared to you, in so keenly regretting a temporary absence, at whose termination I am to receive the reward of all my wishes. I will go, and, in imitation of the noble Edward, consider only my duties, and how sweet will be my return, crowned with the love of Emily, and the approbation, scarcely less dear, of my old maiden aunt."

His aunt only answered him with a smile and a parting embrace; but when she saw him three years after at the head of his profession—the advocate of the distressed—the supporter of the weak—the terror of the wicked—not more distinguished for the tenderness of his disposition, than for the resignation with which he supported unavoidable misfortunes, she felt comforted for all her sorrows, and in the love of her nephews and nieces found consolation. No longer an isolated useless being, she saw a family who looked up to her as a parent, blooming around her, and found that the great exercises of nature, without either talents or splendid beauty, can render their possessors happy, and crown with joy even the last days of "the old maid of the family."

From the Athenæum.

## ANDREW DAWSON.

### A TALE OF MY COUNTRY SIDE.

"Quoth Ralph, not far from hence doth dwell  
A cunning man, hight Sidrophel,  
That deals in destiny's dark counsels,  
And sage opinions of the moon sells."

Hudibras.

In a remote parish of Scotland, situated on the frontiers of the Highlands, their died, about fifty years ago, old Andrew Dawson, a reputed sorcerer. His history is rather remarkable; he was, as far as I am aware, the last of his kind, in that part of the country at least, who, by reason of their own pertinacity, joined to the ignorance and superstition of their assailants, underwent persecution. The character too of his sorceries (if they may be so called) is noticeable, as it illustrates how a gew-gaw of folly's cap, after it has long ceased to be worn by authority or respected by fashion, may be employed as a successful means of eliciting from the vulgar mind deference and profit. For we shall afterwards see, that the leaven of his practices was derived from the far-famed doctrine of signatures, once so prevalent in medicine, and the remembrance of which, long after knowledge had exploded the leading principles of the grand folly itself, perplexed medical inquiries, as the baneful effects of a noxious drug continue to sap the foundations of the constitution, notwithstanding the removal of the pollution. How, in the meanderings of time's current, the influence of this singular doctrine should have been borne to an obscure individual in a remote district, is a question fraught with interest and difficulty. But to our tale.

Fortune had smiled on the early endeavors of Dawson. To ameliorate by honest industry the lot in which he had been cast, his paternal acres yielded him enough—'tis a pretty word that "enough," and the wise have said that happiness has graven it on her seal; but this our hero knew, or rather, considered not. Encouraged by success, he embarked in new speculations, but adversity was the bitter fruit of his ambition. Unforeseen disasters pressed upon him, while inclement seasons and insolvent debtors added new wings to his calamities. Bankruptcy followed, and his jackall factor first snatched, then pointed, then roused. A few short years from the commencement of his adversity saw him expelled from the home of his fathers, and obliged to seek a place "whereon to lay his head" 'mid the heathy wilds of his native parish. He sunk not, however, under the accumulated load of misfortunes, piled on his devoted head; but after recovering from the first shock of his calamities, he raised himself a hut, which the wrecks of his estate supplied with furniture, while the kindness of his neighbors procured him other necessities.

Tiring soon of this dependence on the good will of his friends, he announced his intention, as the advertisements have it, of entering on the practice of medicine. His mother had been said by her neighbors to be "a canny wife." Her enemies, it is true, when she spoke of her skill, shook their heads, and looked a thousand things to the discredit of the aged dame. On the report of his mother's powers having devolved on him, Dawson, in the days of his prosperity, had been consulted, but it was rather regarding the issue than the cure of disease: his sagacity was universally admired, and his judgments revered; and it was this general confidence in his skill that suggested to him the idea of commencing medicine. It required but a little tact to ingratiate himself in the esteem of his already admiring neighbors; nor is the unlimited confidence which was placed in his assistance at all to be wondered at. Patients flocked to him from all quarters; yet, though many subjected themselves to his care, little was known of the remedies he employed, and the mysterious manner in which he administered them undoubtedly enhanced their value. Frictions, indeed, were the only sensible means of relief he used, during the employment of which he chanted, or rather muttered, an unintelligible catch. It would be tiresome to enumerate his cures and his failures, aye, as tiresome as the details of an Arctic voyage, made saleable by being crammed with the bearings of icy capes, and the latitudes and longitudes of frozen inlets. During the first period of his successful career, he was regarded with a superstitious awe, which approached to fear; but custom soon divested him of this attribute of such importance to his consequence. He, however, by no means suited himself to this alteration of opinion, bu

became more reserved and haughty. This conduct engendered dislike, and envy at his prosperity fanned the flame into hatred—his ruin was earnestly desired by many, and the means to accomplish this were sedulously sought for. These were not long wanting. A report at first propagated itself of strange and unearthly sounds being heard proceeding from his hut, and the midnight wanderer remarked light peering through his narrow window, when every other angle in the parish was extinguished. A certain quaint laconic mode the doctor, as he was called, had of expressing himself, strengthened not a little the suspicions that were afloat to his disparagement; but what seemed to place beyond all doubt his league with the powers of darkness, was his paying, at certain changes of the moon, visits to the Fairies' Knowe.

On this Fairies' Knowe were the remains of a Druidical Temple; it was indeed a Palmyra in the desert—grass-grown, while all around was a dreary expanse of heath. One might have imagined that it still retained the fertility conferred on it by the "red rain" of the Druidical rites; for in the centre of the stony circle stood a rocking-stone, on which was placed the object of justice. If the uncertain stone moved, the already crowned victim was immolated on the spot—if it remained motionless, he was acquitted. This ground was still deemed unhallowed by the common people, and many were the tales of terror of which this spot was the scene. The visits of our unfortunate hero to the Knowe were repeatedly watched, and thus confirmed. This was quite sufficient to constitute what is technically called a *fama clamosa*; and a charge of sorcery being preferred against him, he was summoned to answer the charge before the kirk-session, a court in whose hands former superstition has placed the taking cognizance of such offences. This summons Dawson, by his absence, seemed to condemn; three several times it was repeated; as often was it unattended to; excommunication was in consequence fulminated against the sorcerer; and no appeal being made to a superior court, the sentence, by the accused's silence, seemed to be well merited.

The ecclesiastical ban appeared for a long while to sit very lightly on our hero's shoulders; he was as cheerful as he was wont, and his moral habits were regular, with the single exception of church attendance.—His time was divided between the cultivation of a small piece of garden-ground, gained by his own exertions from the surrounding wastes, and his patients, who seemed to be of Paracelsus' mind, that it was quite proper to consult Satan when good spirits refused to be communicative. Age, however, stole apace upon the sorcerer; nor was he able by his arts to retain his firmness and his flexibility of purpose. Disease, too, the pioneer of death, had found entrance to his lonely cot, and rudely chastened to submission its proud and obstinate inhabitant. An interval of ease suffered him to express a wish to be reconciled to the church.—The kirk-session were disposed to listen favorably to this proposal; they had deemed their own conduct harsh, but knowing well the consequences of such an avowal, they, though with reluctance, rejoiced at the prospect of once more penning in their fold this stray sheep. After a little delay, our applicant was informed that the sentence would be removed, provided he divulged to the session his secrets. This was a sore trial, but at last he submitted, and a day was appointed for shriving him.

The important day arrived, and the poor old man stood before the congregation. He still preserved some indications of the pride which once laughed to scorn ecclesiastical fulminations, and he had much the look of a wavering convert. He was asked by the minister the reasons why the sentence of excommunication should be annulled. In reply he spoke nearly to the following effect:—"There was a time I little thought I should be called upon to give an explanation—or that, when called upon, I should reply to it; but age and sickness both warn me that it is time to make my peace with man. I cannot bear that I should go out of this world, wicked though it be, with a curse on my head. I cannot think on the ill name which will remain after this weak frame is consumed, without a sigh; and when I think on the unhallowed and nettle-grown grave, far apart from a' that is human, my heart fails me, and the tears stand in my auld een. May be I'm doited; but surely there can be nae good in tormenting myself langer, so ye shall hear a' the witchcraft that ever I practised." He then pulled from his pocket three pebbles, and explained that in all diseases of the head he employed the first stone, which in its outline bore a rude resemblance to that part of the body. In diseases of the heart he used the second, which was shaped, not artificially, however, like that organ. The third, which he used in diseases of the kidneys, was also in its shape somewhat similar to the viscus of which it was the signature. In all other respects they appeared common quartz pebbles. He added, that he enveloped the stones in flannel, and, by rubbing, communicated their healing power to the diseased part. As to his wakes and nocturnal wanderings, he admitted that they were merely a means of captivating the ignorant, and heightening the mystery with which superstition had invested him. Such was the burden of his confessions. They were deemed satisfactory, and the sentence of excommunication being revoked, he was again admitted to participate in all the pleasures of a Christian.

His death happened six months after this event. He sleeps among Christians. The sorcerer's grave was for a long while pointed out; but now he is scarce remembered, and in a few years he will share the lot which the beloved of fame alone escape, and be forgotten.

Persecution is the cause of Satan; toleration is the cause of truth. Words are the daughters of the wind; but actions are the sons of the soul. Stephen, King of Poland, inserted this clause in an edict—

"There are three things which God has reserved to himself, creative power, the knowledge of future events, and dominion over conscience."

From the Young People's Book.

## THE COLLIER.

FROM THE FRENCH.

In the Rue St. Honore, Paris, near the market-place, there was once, a small, mean house, consisting of one large room, which served the inhabitants for sleeping-room, parlour, and kitchen, all at the same time.

Notwithstanding the apparent poverty presiding in this humble dwelling, there was an air of comfort and cleanliness throughout. Two simple beds stood on the right, as well as a basket-cradle; on the left were sacks of charcoal piled up. The door was on one side, and the chimney on the other, with a long table in the middle.

This was the dwelling of the collier, Jacquot and his family—consisting of his wife, two boys of eight and ten, and a little girl, just learning to walk.

The family were seated round the table one evening in July, awaiting the father's return from his daily labour.

Charlot, the eldest boy, went backwards and forwards incessantly, from the table to the door, turning, as he did so, his wistful eyes towards a large covered dish.

"Father does not come; our supper will get cold."

"Let us go to meet him, brother," said Blondel.

"No, No!" said the mother; "stay where you are."

And the mother seated herself by the baby's cradle, and began singing a lullaby.

"Don't you think he stays very late this evening, mother?"

"Your father has been carrying charcoal to the palace to-day, and it is St. Anne's day, the Queen's fete day; and there is a ball, and all sorts of fine doings. Perhaps he has staid to see a little of it all."

At this instant the collier's voice was heard at the door.

"Wife! heap some more chips on the fire. Make haste!" And a great dark-looking man entered, bearing in his arms a little child, apparently lifeless, whose dress was richly embroidered in gold. Torn ruffles hung from his wrists and water was dripping from every part of him.

"What is the matter! Who is that child!" exclaimed the wife as she placed her baby in the cradle, and proceeded to make up the fire, as she was directed.

"I will tell you after a while. Get a blanket and warm it. That on the children's bed is the best."

"What a beautiful child," said the mother, as she helped the collier to undress the little creature. "Bring me your Sunday clothes, Charlot; this dress is wet through."

"There they are, mother," said Charlot, regarding with astonishment the embroidered ones of the stranger.

The warmth of the blanket soon revived him. He opened his eyes, looked at those around him, and then at the miserable room he was in.

"Where am I—where am I?"

"In my house, my little friend," answered the collier.

"My little friend!" repeated the child, in a contemptuous tone.

"I am sorry if it displeases you; but indeed without my assistance, you would be in a bad way now."

"These are not my clothes. You have stolen mine."

"Stolen!" exclaimed the collier. "Little rascal!"

"Hush!" said the wife; "he does not yet know what he says. Wait till he recovers himself completely; and he will tell us who he is: he will soon see that although poor we are honest. But do you tell us how you met with him."

At this the two boys drew nearer to their mother, and fixed their eyes on their father's face, determined not to lose a word.

"Well," began the collier, "I was just coming home. I had been carrying charcoal into the kitchens of the Palais Royal, and the cook said to me, 'Your charcoal is very good charcoal.' Well, as I was saying, I had finished my work, and I had just stopped a minute in the garden to look at some of the fine things, and I saw through the windows such ladies! and such gentlemen! such feathers and flowers! Well, I stood there some time, looking in, because I wanted to see the Queen pass by the window; but I don't believe I should have known her, if she had; for they all looked like Queens."

"But this little boy?" eagerly demanded the wife.

"Well, as I was saying, I was standing there when, all of a sudden, I heard a noise behind me. I turned round, and by the light of the moon I saw this little fellow struggling in one of the basins. So I jumped right in after him, and caught him. I knew well enough the cook would never let me bring any poor half-drowned child into his great kitchen, for all they've such a great fire, and it was so very near. So the best I could do, was to bring him here and dry him."

"His poor mother, how uneasy she will be about him. Tell us,



child, who she is, that my husband may go and tell her you are safe."

"You are very good, madame; but there is not the least hurry."

"But they must be looking you!"

"So much the better, madame."

"Your mother will be in great distress."

"It is not of the least consequence, madame."

"Ah, children never know what a mother's feelings are."

"Yes, we know. We love our mother," exclaimed Charlot and Blondel, running to her, and throwing their arms round her neck.

"Poor children! I don't believe you would change me for the Queen of France."

"No, indeed, mother, nor for all the kingdom of France, besides."

Tears rolled slowly down the cheeks of the little stranger, on beholding this ebullition of feeling.

"Why do you cry?" asked the woman; "have you no parents to love you?"

"I have no father, madame."

"And your mother—"

He shook his head. "My mother has other things to do, than to attend to me."

"A mother other things to do, than to attend to her own child!"

"Yes, madame; and she has valets to attend to me."

"Valets! yes, and they let you fall into the water," replied the collier roughly; and if it had not been for me, there would you be yet. But let us have our supper."

They seated themselves accordingly at the table. The mother placed before each a saucer and a spoon of wood, and helped them all to boiled beans; whilst the father cut slices from a loaf of bread.

The little stranger sat down as he was desired, but ate nothing.

"Papa," said one of the boys, "tell us what you saw at the fete."

"It was superb!"

"Kings must be very happy," said Charlot, musingly. "I suppose their sons learn to read."

"Cannot you read?" asked the stranger.

"Alas! no: it costs twenty sous a month: and we could never pay that."

Still preserving his gravity of demeanour, the little stranger got up and took from his dress, which was drying by the fire, a purse, in which there were several pieces of gold.

"Here," said he to Charlot, "take this. It will pay for twenty months' schooling. After that I will give you some more."

"Charlot!" said the collier.

"I cannot take it sir," said Charlot after looking at his father. "I have not earned it, and I cannot take it."

"Why not? I have money, and you have none. I give you some of mine. Is it not right? You would do the same I am sure, in my place."

"Indeed, I would," said Charlot.

"Take back your gold, young gentleman. Not that we despise your gift; for Charlot is very anxious to learn to read. But you are too young to give away so much money, without the knowledge of your family."

"It is very evident, madame, that you do not know who I am."

"No, I do not; but I hope you will soon tell us; for it is time your relations should know where you are."

"My mother loves me, I dare say; but she has no leisure to kiss me at all times, as you do your children."

"Is she like our mother?" asked Charlot.

"She is handsomer."

"But our's is better."

"But mine gives me fine clothes, and as much money as I want," replied the stranger, haughtily.

"And our's gives us kisses," said Blondel, reddening with anger at the comparison.

"And mine gives me valets to wait on me."

"And our dear mother waits on us herself, which is much better," said Charlot.

The collier and his wife were very much amused with this conversation, which was suddenly interrupted by a loud knocking at the door, and a voice cried—"Is not this the house of the collier Jacques?"

"It's my tutor's voice!" exclaimed the little stranger; and whilst the collier and his wife were opening the door, he slipped under the table and hid, making a sign to Charlot and Blondel, not to betray him.

In a few moments the humble dwelling was filled with gentlemen and valets.

A man in a cardinal's dress, cast an inquiring glance round the room, and addressed himself to a soldier, who stood at a respectful distance.

"Repeat your deposition."

"This evening, at eight o'clock," said the soldier "as I was on duty at the vestibule door of the palace, you passed by [to the collier], with a child in your arms. Where is that child?"

"Here!" replied the individual in question, darting from his hiding-place, and appearing suddenly in the midst of the crowd.

"Your whole court has been looking for you these two hours."

"Court!" exclaimed the collier and his wife, in astonishment.

"I am very glad to hear it, Cardinal Mazarin."

"Your mother is in great uneasiness."

"His mother!" exclaimed the woman: "and she did not come with you?"

"Hush, wife!" said the collier.

"I am very sorry, Cardinal, that my mother has had any anxiety on my account."

"I hope, sire, you will come with us now."

"That is just as I please, Cardinal."

"But I hope it will be soon. Your mother—"

"I must first thank these good people for their services."

"Well, make haste. Of course some money will be sent to them."

"My friend," said he, turning to the collier, "I, Louis XIV., king of France, thank you for what you have done for me. I mean now to provide for the education of your two sons, and to give your daughter a dowry. Here is my hand to kiss."

Then turning to the Cardinal—"Now let us go."

"In this dress?" hazarded the Cardinal, eyeing Charlot's humble Sunday suit, which the little king still wore.

"In this very dress."

"But the Queen is in the midst of the whole court; all in their fete dresses."

"Ah! sire," said the woman, "do make haste and change your clothes. Your poor mother is waiting."

"Do you hear me, Cardinal?"

And passing through the crowd, he advanced towards his carriage, which was waiting at the door, saying to Charlot—

"Come yourself to-morrow, and get your clothes, and bring me back mine."

"You have forgotten your purse," said the collier, running after him with it.

"I have forgotten nothing," said the young king, and jumped into the carriage.

From the Lowell Offering.

## EMMA AND GRACE.

"Courage resists danger; fortitude supports pain."—BLAIR.

"But surely, sister, you will not attempt to mount him," said Emma Hale to her sister, as she came to the door in a riding-dress.

Grace nodded gaily, kissed Emma's cheek *en passant*, and approached a horse which her brother was training.

Her father had just purchased a beautiful little creature, spirited as Bucephalus, black and glossy as a raven's plume, with a neck on the principle of Hogarth's "curve of beauty and of grace," and a step that seemed to spurn the ground. Little Henry watched his graceful evolutions with almost breathless admiration.

"Yes, Grace, do, do ride him. You will go it so pretty!" said he, offering Grace a riding stick.

George thought as much, but he was more prudent; and confident as he was of Grace's courage under ordinary trials, he did not dare urge her to an experiment so hazardous as the initiation of his charger into the mysteries of female equestrianism. Grace smiled alike at her sister's remonstrance and her brother's entreaty. She pressed the rosy point of her finger on her lip a moment, and then, stepping forward, extended her hand to George for his assistance in mounting.

"Neatly done, hurrah!" shouted Henry, as the horse pranced about, seeming conscious and proud of the beautiful burden he bore. Grace attempted to urge him forward; but in vain.

"Forward and back; *chasse across*!" said the lively Henry, and Grace's horse obeyed him to the letter.

Several had gathered around, and among them, some dozen boys. At an evolution they thought particularly fine, they gave a simultaneous shout of applause. Not Ichabod Crane's Gunpowder, or Tam O'Shanter's Maggie, dashed off with more fury, than did our Grace's little steed. George mounted another horse and followed with the greatest possible rapidity; but Emma's heart sickened when, as a turn in the road took them from her sight, she saw that the distance between them was increasing. She threw herself on the sofa, faint with terror and apprehension.

Half an hour, that seemed an age to the anxious villagers, and especially to Emma, had "dragged its slow length along," and there were no tidings of Grace. Gentlemen had left their shops, offices and fields, and now stood in groups in the street. Mothers walked nervously about from door to window, and from sitting-room to attic. Daughters gathered at the yard-gate, or walked out in different directions, with hopes of meeting Grace on a safe return. Old grandmother Jones began one of her long stories; and its subject was a young and beautiful girl who was killed by being thrown down a "precipitate twenty feet horizontal," by another "jist sich a horse." And who would have thought it? Even Nancy Sibley, who had

scarcely been known to utter a word in praise of a young and lovely girl, during the last ten years, said, on meeting Mr. Hervey, "Well, I declare, I shall be so sorry! But I do think she will be killed; and I always liked her, didn't you, Mr. Hervey?"

Now this Mr. Hervey had been Grace's privileged protector for months. But for a few days there had been an estrangement between them, caused, as Mr. Hervey suspected, by the intrigues of said Nancy Sibley. He spent the previous evening in company with Grace and other young friends. He saw that she carefully avoided him. He saw, too, that she was unhappy; and a recollection of this latter circumstance, determined his purpose of "flying to the rescue." He did not pause to answer Miss Sibley; but nodding mechanically as he passed, he took from his father's stable a horse nearly as fleet as Grace's, and started in a direction opposite to that pursued by Grace, her brother, and others who had followed at intervals.

Another half-hour passed; and Emma felt that she could not endure such suspense any longer. The stillness that now pervaded the house and street was fearful to her—it was so like the hush of death. She heard a footstep on the piazza. It was slow and solemn. Was it to inform her that the mangled form of her sister would soon meet her eye? So she feared. A sickness was at her "bosom's core;" and she trembled like an aspen leaf, when a suppressed shout of pleasure rose from her kind and sympathising neighbors, who were still keeping their vigils. All hats were off; and fair hands were waving joyous welcomes. All eyes were bent in one direction, except those of a few young friends who loved Grace best. Theirs were overflowing with tears, concealed in their handkerchiefs. The delight of Henry knew no bounds. He flew to Emma, flung his arms around her neck, and then ran back to the gate.

"It is, it is Grace and Mr. Hervey. I saw them just as plain when they came over Isaac's hill," said he, again bounding into the sitting-room. He kissed Emma's cheek, took her hands, and attempted to help her to the door. "Oh! do come, sister. You won't be pale as soon as you see them; I warn't. Come; and see how pretty they go it."

Emma attempted to rise, but she had lost all power of locomotion; and when Mr. Hervey led the laughing Grace into the room, she fainted. This was very strange to Grace; for during the whole transaction, her courage had not deserted her for one moment. At one time while her steed was pursuing his flight, though somewhat less rapidly, he took new fright from a huge rock that projected itself from a high hill on the opposite side of the street. Here she must inevitably have been lost, but for her perfect presence of mind. With meteoric rapidity the horse darted to the very bank. But she spoke very gently to him, with a deal of *tact* backed him a little; and he again bent forward. At this moment Mr. Hervey joined her. Never was knight more welcome to a distressed damsel, than was Mr. Hervey to Grace. Not that she felt the need of his assistance; but that his looks and anxious inquiries proved every thing but that he was becoming indifferent to her, as Miss Sibley had attempted, with a slight degree of success, to convince her. He had witnessed the fearful plunge of her horse, and when they met, had scarcely strength to retain his seat.

Whether on the magnetic principle, or some other, I do not know; but Grace's horse was perfectly docile from the moment that she was joined by Mr. Hervey. Strange! wasn't it? And wasn't it "passing strange" that Mr. Hervey and Grace *could* have forgotten every thing but that they were again all the world to each other, when they came in sight of their anxious friends? Miss Nancy Sibley thought that it was.

Months passed on. Emma and Grace were languishing on beds of sickness, perchance of death. Emma's disease was a hopeless consumption. For months she had suffered there, shut out from the beautiful sights and sounds of nature, to die. No one loved the long ramble better than Emma. To no one was the music of bird and rivulet sweeter, and, especially, to no one did the Sabbath-ministries bring more delight; but she was shut out from them all forever. So her physicians told her; so she believed. Yet there was not a complaining word. More gentle and affectionate than ever, she sought by constant cheerfulness and concealment of her sufferings, to lessen the cares and anxieties of her friends.

How was it with our courageous Grace? Two weeks only she had been confined to the house. She was evidently recovering, though somewhat slowly—yet she was quite miserable.

"Oh, I could bear anything better than this protracted debility!" said she to Emma one day, when she had been assisted to her chamber. "Let me just have strength once more to climb that hill, to push our little skiff across the river, or guide Don in a morning ride upon its bank; and I ask no more, except, indeed, to see you well again, dear sister."

Emma smiled sadly.

"I know you will despise me for my lack of fortitude," pursued Grace, "you have borne so much and so patiently. But I cannot help it. I have tried in vain to imitate your example." She burst into tears and wept like a child, while her poor sister repeated to her

those lessons of fortitude and trust, which were so admirably illustrated by her daily endurance.

In a few days Grace was restored to health; but Emma was dying. Never was she so strangely beautiful. Her eye shone with an unearthly fire; and already her pure spirit seemed assimilated in its raptures to those "saints who fall down and worship before the Lamb." Entirely forgetful of self, she was only anxious that her weeping friends might be comforted. In short and earnest petitions, she commended them again and again to the care of their heavenly Father. She talked sweetly to them of Heaven, and of their final meeting there. Grace was wholly unprepared for this trying hour. She walked the floor, wept aloud, and wrung her hands. She left the room, and gained a little composure; but it forsook her the instant she returned to the bed-side of her sister.

"Oh how can she bear to die!" she exclaimed passionately, as she threw herself on a sofa in a fresh burst of grief.

Emma turned to her, and with perfect calmness, sang a part of the beautiful chant, "Though I walk through the dark valley," &c.

Grace fell on her knees, clasped Emma's hand in hers, and buried her face in the bed clothes. All others instinctively followed her example. Their minister was in the group, and the holy man prayed. His voice was tremulous at first, but it became strong and earnest in its pleadings as he proceeded. Every sob was hushed. They rose with an answer of peace in their hearts; and it remained there, even after they saw that the spirit of the beloved had fled.

From that hour Grace was a changed being. When her loving Hervey led her to his elegant home as his bride, he saw, in the expression of her mild blue eye, and her thoughtful brow, "a sober certainty of waking bliss."

MADLINE.

From Ainsworth's Miscellany.

#### PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF

### IZZET MEHEMET PASHA,

NOW GRAND VIZIER OF THE TURKISH EMPIRE.

BY W. FRANCIS AINSWORTH, ESQ.

The fate of the Turkish empire, so long hurrying to its goal, appears from a variety of circumstances about to be sealed by the approaching war with Greece. In this empire, more than in any other, public measures can be judged of by the public men placed at the helm of affairs. In a despotism so constituted, measures create the men, and not, as with us, the men sway the measures. Thus, if the Ulemas are in the ascendancy, Rauf Pasha rules the roast. If liberality is the order of the day, Reshid Pasha is wanted at the Porte. If the old Mohammedan school is triumphant, Khosrew Pasha is at the head. If blood is about to be shed, an Izzet Mehemet Pasha and a Tahir Pasha are sure to be found.

The author of the present personal recollections of Izzet Mehemet Pasha first became acquainted with him as Pasha of Angora, in 1837. His notes do not therefore comprise the earlier career of the man, but it is hoped they may contain enough to illustrate his character tolerably fairly. It is certain, however, that previous to his appointment to this pashalik, he had distinguished himself in the wars of Greece, and many dark deeds are also laid to his account, which, in the East, only serve to enhance the reputation of an official, as showing that he has ferocity to revenge himself, and skill to prosper, even when charged with evil.

The first interview was characteristic. The Pasha was alone, kneeling on the corner of a divan with five or six showy Geneva watches before him, which he was winding up. For a few seconds he appeared not to notice our entrance, and when he did so, it was by looking sideways over a watch, with a smile and a peculiar look, intended to convey an idea of extreme shrewdness and cleverness. Among other subjects of conversation, were some strong representations, made through the interpreter, against a Frenchman in his service, who had cut with a two-edged sword, in proclaiming us as spies to the Pasha, while to us he had asserted that it was his Excellency's intention to detain us in Angora, or to have us waylaid and murdered if we left the city. "He has eat his words," said the Pasha, after reflecting a moment angrily, and a short time afterwards the Frenchman was *congedied*, and left for Constantinople.

Izzet Pasha's characteristics, are considerable powers of observation, moderate intellect, great firmness, pride, energy, and resolution, some superstition, but no morality, and hence ambition and want of scruple how he obtains his ends, activity in his enterprises, jealousy of success, avarice, but not (for an Eastern) sensuality. As a Mohammedan, he belongs to the old school; that is to say, he not only tolerates dervishes, and mad holy men, from policy, but loves them and courts their society, and on especial divan days allows them an upper seat. The mullahs, or priests, are the only persons who ever experience their master's bounty. To them he is said to give large sums of money. He has his astronomers, and always puts the most perfect reliance on their predictions of prosperous or unlucky days. And, lastly, he eminently hates all Franks, and never could, nor will tolerate Europeans, except when he hopes to gain something by them, or to make them his tools. I was intimate with his chief astronomer. He had two or three astrolabes, with which



he could measure to a rough approximation, the altitude of the stars and celestial bodies. He had also an almanack in which the results of the conjunctions were regularly unfolded. Thus his belief in astrology was not an imposition, but an actual faith in an imaginary science, traditional among the Mohammedans. He often, on the contrary, expressed his wonder that Europeans, who are so accurate in astronomical observations, had not enlarged the field of astrology.

The Pasha's habits were regular. He rose early in the morning, and went out to ride or shoot before breakfast. He sometimes drove a low barouche. Fond of ostentation, he would occasionally contrive so that we should meet him on parade, and swell his retinue as he marched between two lines of troops. On these occasions, he favored almost every soldier with one of his peculiar cat-like looks. He would then walk across the parade in conversation. If any poor person prostrated himself with a petition, he received it, but if any one spoke in his presence, he would stop short, and turning round, fix him with a glance for several seconds before he went on.

He never gave pipes to Franks, but often invited us to dinner, on which occasion he had music afterwards, and was delighted if we were pleased with the old Turkish refrain of "Welcome, Frank, welcome." On one occasion when baling out our soup from a general basin, a severe and loud shock of an earthquake shook the old wooden and mud palace to its foundations. The attendants were astounded, and looked aghast, but the Pasha only leered up in his usual manner to see the effect it produced upon us. We said nothing, but continued the immersion of spoons. At these dinners the only beverage was sherbet or cherry-water. Once, after paying him a visit, we went into the apartment of his *kaya*, or deputy governor. Following us, he threw aside the curtains constituting an Oriental doorway, and, after holding them at arm's-length, staring from before a row of guards and attendants, and making a tableau of himself for a minute or more, he retired.

Baron W——, an able officer of the Prussian staff, was sent down, when war was about to break out, to organize and remodel the troops of the pashalik. This not being at all gratifying to his pride, he refused to acknowledge him, but the Baron writing to Stambul, renewed his credentials, and obliged him to effect a compromise in his usual way. He first of all objected to any alteration in the system of manual drill, and platoon exercise, as the troops had already learnt them from several French talimehs, or instructors, attached to the corps d'armée, and he said it would throw them back, to have now to learn the Prussian exercise. A new and more efficient system of military evolutions was then proposed, which he promised to think about. He did so next day, when out shooting, and coming home in good spirits, sent immediately for the Baron. "I have thought," he said, "of a good plan," rubbing his hands, and looking more than usually knowing. And he proceeded to expound a system of tactics, by which he could dove-tail something of his own into what had been proposed by the Prussian officer, that he might thus be able to say that the Frank was not teaching him, but he the Frank.

He hated Hafiz Pasha as one Turkish pasha can hate another. This was first exhibited on the occasion of one of our party, in a very impolitic manner, shewing him a portrait of the Queen of England, which was intended for Hafiz. He could scarcely conceal his anger and spite.—"He is a young pasha," he said, curling his lip in contempt, "young and inexperienced." But Hafiz Pasha was the favorite of the then Sultan Mahmud, and marched over Izzet's head, becoming *seraskier* of the army, as Izzet has since overtopped him, by becoming grand vizier. The jealousy and hatred of Izzet led in this matter, as will be subsequently seen, to the most disastrous results.

At Angora, Izzet ruled with the arbitrary sway of a petty tyrant. A beautiful summer house, erected on the banks of a river sweeping through a ravine almost in the heart of the city, attracted his desires.—It belonged to a merchant, who was unscrupulously got rid of, and the Pasha entered immediately upon the enjoyment of his new possession.

In effecting his objects Izzet often exhibited no small degree of cunning. It was his custom to visit his different governments, and to personally examine the accounts, and question the peasants if the exactions were severe. This would have been well, if his objects had been to remedy the evil. But it was not so, and was merely a pretext to know what to demand of the muterellim and sheik or governor and sub-governors.

A muterellim, who had avoided his demands, by pleading his own poverty and that of the treasury, and whom he suspected of secreting money, was invited to the bath with him. Setting the example by beginning to undress, he deceived the governor into preparing himself for the bath, from which, however, he retired precipitately, and throwing himself upon the governor's clothes, obtained the girdle which Easterns generally wear round the waist, and with it the money he sought. On issuing from the bath, the muterellim found himself a beggar.

Izzet introduced at Angora the almost obsolete practice of spiking, and was particularly severe in inflicting this punishment upon the robber Kurds, three of whom were once spiked, at the same time, in the Angora market-place. The bodies of several others might be seen occasionally on the way side, sustained on a scaffolding by three iron spikes, one passing through the head, another through the body, and a third through the legs, leaving the arms dangling downwards.

When the military preparations in the five great pashaliks of Dyar-bekr, Sivas, Angora, Koniyyeh, and Erzurum, enabled the Osmanli army, under Hafiz Pasha, to enter the field against the Syro-Egyptians, under

Ibrahim Pasha; Izzet Pasha was to effect a junction with the *seraskier*, and lend his force to assist in ensuring victory to the Sultan. But his hatred of his rival was greater than his patriotism, and by various subterfuges and delays he contrived to be no further than Derindeh, on the north side of Taurus, when the engagement so fatal to the Osmanli power took place at Nizib. Being at that time accompanied by an army of upwards of twenty thousand men, his troops would have enabled Hafiz to check the successes of his rival. But, in his usual cautious manner, Izzet defeated this object by letting it be privately known that there were no more rations, and that the army might break up. The army did so, accordingly, but not without plundering the treasury, while Izzet repairing to Constantinople, reported the affair as an accidental disaster, and a revolt on the part of his forces.

Shortly after this period, Izzet was appointed, on the occasion of the intended attack of the Allies on the Syro-Egyptian power, to the post of military chieftain of the Osmandis in that country. The writer's personal recollections do not accompany him in this campaign. But an anecdote is related of Izzet, while there, which bears all the characteristics of truth.

At the siege of Acre, a gallant German colonel was severely struck by a stone splintered by a shot, and almost immediately afterwards, his arm was broken by another. On the first impulse, he retreated from the town with the other fugitives, but was so maltreated by his companions that he returned, to give himself up as a prisoner, in which design he happily succeeded. It was almost entirely owing to this officer's presence that Acre made any defence. Every care was taken of him, and he was put on board a Turkish steamer, to be conveyed to Constantinople. This vessel, although belonging to the Porte, was commanded by an Englishman, well known and much respected throughout the Levant. The German officer was so seriously injured, that he felt he could not survive the transport.

The English captain having to touch at Beirut, reported him, when there, to Izzet Pasha as unfit for the journey, and begged to be allowed to put him ashore. The Pasha at once refused. "Is he not our prisoner?" he said. "He is," was the reply; "but it is not customary to treat prisoners with unnecessary cruelty." "Is he not our enemy?" sternly rejoined the Pasha—"Let him die." The good captain, however, persevered, and the German was put ashore, and recovered.

The same captain brought Izzet to the Dardanelles, and on the passage the conversation happening to turn upon the anarchy that would exist among the Syrian tribes when the Allies should have withdrawn,— "Ah!" he said, his gray eye twinkling with the thought, and his arm waving to and fro, in imitation of a right and left sabre cut, "they will want me there yet. Cut a few hundred throats, and they will soon be quiet."

Such is the man, once more called from obscurity to rule the destinies of the Ottoman empire—such the character that philanthropic nations who, for their own imaginary interests support the falling power of Mohammedanism, will have to look to for carrying into effect their well-intentioned, but mistaken policy. If the Turks are left to fight their own battles, the result will soon be manifest, in the general rise of the poor and unsympathized-for Christian races of the European peninsula. Greeks, Bulgarians, Servians, Montenigris, have but one feeling common—a detestation of four centuries of Mohammedan misrule and despotic thralldom. But other nations will mingle in the conflict. As, in the Syrian war, a power able to govern a country may be driven out to make way for one incapable of ruling it. Such an assistance, once more tendered, may retard for a time, or another affair of Navarino may accelerate—but neither can prevent the denouement awaiting the grand Oriental tragedy; a denouement which, in the existing relations of the Christian and Mohammedan world, has been probably long marked out by Providence.

## BALLAD.

BY JAMES STONEHOUSE.

A maid and her sailor lad stood by the shore,  
To watch at the sunset the fast-ebbing tide;  
And while the last rays of red glory came o'er,  
'Twas thus that the fond one half weepingly cried—  
Wherever thou rovest, o'er ocean or land,  
If storms be around thee or sunny the sky,  
Remember the motto I write on the sand,  
Oh! rather than change, it were better to die.

From the Ind in the east, and the Isles in the west,  
The sailor lad back to his native vale came;  
The maiden once more he clasped to his breast,  
And found her in beauty and kindness the same;  
He kisses her now, and she presses his hand,  
While the tear sparkles bright in her loving blue eye,  
For he hath remembered the words on the sand—  
Oh! rather than change, it were better to die.

A LESSON ON HUMANITY.—Know that the great art to love your enemy consists in never losing sight of *man* in him. Humanity has power over all that is human: the most inhuman still remains man, and never can throw off all taste for what becomes a man.

WRITTEN FOR THE DOLLAR MAGAZINE.

## THE PURITAN.

## A TALE OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

BY W. VENVILL.

The lapse of two centuries and a quarter hath, doubtless, given birth to events of much greater moment and of much more general interest, but never in all that period hath there happened a circumstance of wider or more extensive influence, than the first landing of the Pilgrims on the "Forefathers' Rock" of Plymouth. From a mere handful of men, weighed down, for the most part, by sickness, resulting from long confinement on shipboard, incumbered with women and children, landing in a most inclement season on a most inhospitable shore, we see resulting the peopling and planting of a wide tract of wilderness, where up to that time the bear and the wolf had held divided dominion with a race of men scarcely less savage than they. Exposed to deprivations which, to us, seem scarcely preferable to the persecution they had fled from, we see them struggling on through difficulties of the most overwhelming character until they become a numerous people, and whilst we are led to marvel at the insignificant means by which so mighty an effect is produced, we must also wonder at the strength of that faith which thus induced them to quit and give up the comforts and conveniences of civilized life for conscience sake, and rendered a foreign wilderness where liberty could be enjoyed, preferable to the birth-place where it dwelt not.

But it is not with them as a body we have to do; history has done them justice, and so long as the chronicle of their virtues and their sufferings shall remain, so long will their memories be held in reverence and regard, as their principles have been emulated, by each succeeding generation of their descendants.

Amongst the one hundred and one souls that formed the living freight of the Mayflower, all bent on the desperate adventure of colonizing Northern Virginia, as it was then called, were three individuals with whom we have to bring the reader more particularly acquainted:

An ancient man, the dark hair of whose youth Time, with envious hand, had sprinkled with grey; a youthful one, whose years numbered, at the most, but four and twenty, and a female some two years younger. Little fitted they seemed to undergo the privations and hardships necessarily attendant on the formation of a settlement, even under the most favorable circumstances; yet there was a calm and settled determination of manners about the elder, and a certain youthful energy in the speaking eye of the younger, that seemed to fit both well for the company in which they were found, and it might have been well surmised, that amongst others of much greater physical capacity, they would not be the first to turn aside from the encounter with difficulties, neither the first to shrink appalled from the face of danger. Pale and wan were the features of the female, and from thence sadness and dejection never departed; it seemed as though hours of sorrowful foreboding had set their seal upon a face, that had once been of surpassing loveliness, and days of weary dejection had wasted the form that must have once been a model of feminine grace; yet, withal, there was no outward repining—no peevish complaint, but a quiet resignation to all things that might befall, seemed her prevailing characteristic. In all that long and weary passage, tossed to and fro by storms, cramped into so small a vessel as seemed to woo the presence of those distempers, which but too soon appeared amongst them—when low murmurings of discontent and doubt began to make themselves heard, never came word of complaint from her lips, but passive in suffering, she seemed as well fitted to endure patiently, as were her companions to resist and overcome.

Master John Ridgdale, or "Worthy John Ridgdale," as in his later days he had been called, was descended from an ancient and respectable family in Norfolk, of which himself and a younger brother had been the sole remaining branches. Both in the last years of the 16th

century, were well provided for; the one by an ample patrimony, the other by the favor of a collateral relation; both had been among the first to embrace the reformed doctrines of the Church of England, as established under Elizabeth; and, subsequently, as that church was supposed to retain too great a regard for the ceremonials of Catholic worship, both had seceded therefrom, and united themselves to that sect which sprang up under the ministry of the celebrated John Robinson.

From this period their former easy fortunes forsook them; persecuted nonconformists under Elizabeth, and still more so under the bigot James, who succeeded her, heavy fines continually lessened their little property, and ecclesiastical tyranny had on several occasions consigned their bodies to the common jail. But it was not in the power of the temporal or ecclesiastical authorities to shake their creed in that faith which they had embraced, and with all the stern unbending obstinacy for which, as a sect, the Puritans were in all times remarkable, both brothers continued to suffer unflinchingly for conscience sake, until at a more violent season of persecution than usual, the whole church came to the resolution of abandoning their native land under their pastor and retiring into Holland, where they would be permitted, at least, to worship unmolested.

But here another difficulty presented itself to the harrassed members of the little community; the Ports of the kingdom were closed against them, and it became necessary to provide for the transporting themselves to their purposed abiding place by stealth.

Accordingly they secretly hired a vessel for that purpose; but it matters not to our present purpose to relate how they were betrayed into the hands of the searchers, how they were robbed of their money and other articles, and carried back to the town they had just before left, nor how after being held up as a scoff for a rude multitude, they were finally consigned to jail. It is sufficient to say that there, in the prison of the country, unoffending against any save a foolish king, whose high prerogative he was said to have infringed, the younger Ridgdale died, leaving to the care of his elder brother an infant daughter, then scarcely six years of age.

We will pass over the next sixteen years of the history of the Ridgdales, by simply stating that after six months imprisonment he was finally liberated, and succeeded in reaching Holland with the wreck of his property, carrying with him as his chiefest treasure the fair-haired daughter of his martyr brother, and his own and only son, then about eight years of age.

To those who knew John Ridgdale, it was no matter of surprise that he throve well in worldly prosperity in his new home, neither that his son and she who was to him as a daughter, grew up worthy of the affection he so deeply felt for them. In spite, however, of this affection, the cruel fate of her father sat heavily on the mind of the maiden, and young as she was at the time of the occurrence, the remembrance was ever present and seemed, strangely enough, to gather fresh strength with each revolving year. It might have been that she was naturally of a sad and melancholy disposition; it might have been that the more bitter persecution of her sect, which each successive letter from England spoke of as still increasing, continued to remind her of the heavy loss she had sustained, or it might have been that in the changing character of the times she foreboded future miseries which might reach them even in their quiet houses in Holland; but whatever was the reason, she never had known the gladsome spirits of girlhood, but had grown from year to year, from a child to a woman, scarcely ever indulging in a smile, yet withal shewing so saintly a resignation to whatever might befall, that it seemed a pity to wish her other than she was. The most perfect outward repose, the most quiet gentleness of manner, had always characterized her, and now—a bride, (for previous to their departure from Holland, she had married her cousin, who loved her as his own heart) she remained in disposition unchanged, and, save that her former beauty had waned, in all respects unaltered. To the many she would have seemed insensible and inanimate, but those who looked deeper into the feelings, a fathomless depth of affection would have been betrayed in the swimming of the soft blue eye, when her glance fell upon her husband; when she seemed most



insensible to circumstances passing around her, the prayer upon her trembling lips might well have discovered the direction of her thoughts; and both coupled together, would have been conclusive evidence of a heart beating with deep but unobtrusive affection, and filled with an ardent and right-minded piety.—Such was the character of the little family of whose history we are now the first chroniclers; bound to each other as much by the sufferings they had undergone together, as by those they still had to look forward to, as much by the near relationship existing between them and the stern, unbending faith they held in common, as by the common sacrifices which the profession of that faith rendered necessary, each existed but for the happiness of the other, and often in the course of that tempestuous passage, when the winds were abroad upon the face of the waters, and the waves rushed angrily against the sides of the *Mayflower*, and dashed in white spray over her narrow decks, in the darkness of the night were those three gathered together, and their prayers, as from one heart, and uttered in one spirit, arose up towards Him who stayeth the winds in their might, and sayeth to the waves be still.

At length the welcome land appeared in sight—welcome in spite of its cheerless and desolate appearance, robed as it was in the gloom and desolation of winter. Five weeks of wearisome adventure elapsed before a convenient spot for the founding of the new colony could be found. During this time, the hardships suffered by the exploring parties from cold and toil were innumerable, and fifteen of the company at different times, were sent back to the ship, overcome by fatigue and the severities of the weather to which they were exposed. But amongst those who continued to face all difficulties with stern constancy of purpose, were John Ridgdale and his son Arthur; the latter still held his place foremost in the little band to which he was attached, and the former, though stripped of the activity of youth, with unswerving resolution still held on, strengthening the wavering and cheering the despondent; for every fresh disappointment he drew appropriate consolation from the words of that holy book which he had made a rule of life, and at the starting up of every fresh obstacle he found some word of scriptural encouragement to raise the drooping hopes of the adventurers.

At length the long-sought spot was found, and on the 22d of December, 1620, the rocky shore of Plymouth received the weary feet of the Pilgrims.

In spite of the unfavorable weather, the driving sleet and drifting snow, the male part of the little community went immediately to work. A street and house lots were laid out; the tall trees that frowned upon their landing, fell one by one upon the frozen ground, the foundation of a store-house was laid, and the noise of saws, axes and hammers, floated far away into the land as a foretoken of that industry which should in the lapse of a few years, cover it over with goodly towns and fertile cornfields. But not until the inhospitable earth had closed over two of their number—not until sickness had rendered a large proportion of the remainder unfit for further exertion was even the store-house erected, and long before the first humble dwellings were ready to receive the toil-worn adventurers, at least one half of them were rendered unnecessary by the large mortality which marked the slow passage of that long and terrible winter.

But spring came at last—spring with its balmy breath and benign influences, and the sufferings of the debilitated few who remained alive were at least suspended; the cornfields they had planted looked green and promising—the little garden plots already began to produce fresh vegetables whereby the scorbutic maladies that afflicted them were mitigated; the surrounding Indians, too, by degrees assumed a more friendly bearing, and in consequence, a trade for furs and a market for wild fowl and venison, was opened within the now fortified town.

Still death had spared the Ridgdales, although the long row of earthy mounds just without the town, now covered with the green vesture of spring, lay heavily on what had once been young and robust men, and strong and healthy women; the old man's hair, it is true, was more gray, and wrinkles had multiplied on his brow, his step was not so steady as before, neither was the grasp of his hand

so firm, yet his mind continued, at least unshaken by suffering, and on the holy Sabbath, in the midst of the little assembly, his voice was as fervent and as earnest as ever.

During the height of the mortality, Anna Ridgdale had been to the sick and suffering at once physician, nurse and spiritual director, ministering to earthly ailments, and removing spiritual doubts and misgivings. By her kind offices disease had been robbed of many a pang, and death of much of its terror. But now, when the spring brought new life and hopes to others; when nature had recovered from her long trance, and all things gained their wonted vigor, she, and only she, seemed to droop; and as one by one those whose lives had been spared beneath her care gathered strength, so her own seemed to wither and decay.

Many expeditions were now made along the coast and some distance into the interior; some for the purpose of exploring the country, and others, at once to purchase corn and promote a trade with the Indians. All these were under the direction of Capt. Miles Standish, who tradition tells us, although a little man was a great warrior, and who on the first organization of government had been chosen for the chief military command. In these old John Ridgdale, from infirmities produced more by hardship than the increase of years, had now become unable to join; but his son, although his thin and sallow cheek already told of premature decay, and his strength became each day less, supported by a spirit that scorned to yield to the pressure of those increasing ailments that were fast hurrying him to an early grave, was ever one amongst them, and he seemed determined to lay down life itself for the furtherance of that great object for which his father and himself had sacrificed all beside.

Thus passed spring and summer, but with autumn came news to the colony cheerless as the season that was fast approaching. From a friendly Indian, the discontent of the sachem of a near Indian tribe was revealed, together with his intention of joining with the Narragansets, the most powerful nation in that quarter, for the utter extirpation of the colonists. Weak as they were this confederacy seemed about to involve them in irretrievable ruin. With sadness and despondency in their hearts, lessened however by that pious confidence which from experience they had learned to place in one stronger and mightier than man, the General Council of Plymouth gathered themselves together, and after much prayer and deliberation it was resolved that Captain Standish should choose a sufficient number of men to strike a terror into the hostile Indians, and that if possible he should take the offending sachem and bring him to answer before them. To execute this dangerous mission Standish chose fourteen men only, and armed each with sword, corslet and musket. On the day after the Sabbath, which had been held as a day of solemn fast and humiliation, and the success of the expedition most earnestly entreated, he departed, and as one of the number accompanying him went young Arthur Ridgdale.

At sunrise the little party, under the guidance of a friendly Indian, were on their way towards Namasket, an Indian town some few miles distant from Corbitant's village. Whilst the sun was low, and the breeze from the sea could be felt, the march of the men was not too fatiguing; but when leaving the sea shore they became hemmed in by woods of tall oak or gloomy fir, or wound through the breezeless and silent valleys, the hot atmosphere, the fierce sunbeams striking directly down upon their heads, the weight of their weapons and the pressure of their steel corslets became almost too great to be borne. Inspired as much by a spirit of emulation amongst themselves, as by the example of their leader, they nevertheless held on, although faint with fatigue and tormented with a raging thirst. But by noon a halt became absolutely necessary; Miles Standish himself was exhausted by the rough ways and thorny thickets through which they had in many instances to force their way; and the Indian guide, although unincumbered by clothing, and with no other arms to bear than a light bow and a bundle of arrows, lagged with weary feet in the rear. Turning aside to the grateful shade which a clump of beech trees afforded, each one unloosed the bands of his corslet, threw off the heavy sword with which he was girt, and sat himself down to rest; and when, after regaining breath, a spring of

bright clear water was found welling from the roots of an old tree nigh at hand, a hearty meal was made, and refreshed and reinvigorated they pursued their journey towards Namasket.

Not without many a token of the watchful care of a kind Providence over them as a colony, was the journey carried through; even within a few miles of their town they had met with the ruins of Indian villages, whose whole population, as they were informed by their guide, had but just previous to their landing been carried off by a terrible pestilence. As they proceeded, whole rows of huts, whose sedge covered roofs had been stripped off by the tempest or had fallen into the interior by the decay of the dead branches which had supported them, remained the last monument of a people that had once been; or if other monuments there were, they could be found only in the wide grave yards, strewed with loose bones, where the living had dragged themselves to die when none remained to bury them. Here and there, what had once been a well cultivated cornfield, was overrun with a high growth of rank weeds, which with their gaudy blossoms seemed to smile upon the ruin they had produced; a few puny stalks of self sown corn mingled amongst them, seemed to strive for very life in their midst, kept down and overborne like worth by the tyranny of arrogance.

From these frequent mementos, it seems impossible but that the progress of the little band through the country was attended with thoughts and communings such as these:—Had these desolated villages been now peopled as heretofore, had these numerous cornfields been now under the culture of the former possessors, what would have become of us! Lo! as a bird in the hands of the fowler, such should we have been, even as one given into the hands of his enemy who knoweth not how to spare!

Sunset brought them to Namasket, where, without communicating their designs to the natives, they remained the night, taking care, however, by keeping up a strict watch, to guard against that treachery which they had already found to be a prominent trait of Indian character, and early on the following morning they again proceeded on their way.

For about three miles from Namasket their route ran along the margin of a small brook, when it became necessary to pass over to the other side. One by one, those of Corbitant's Indians who had accompanied them thus far, now dropped off; and from this circumstance, coupled with the nature of the ground on the other side of the ford, many of the little company became apprehensive of an ambuscade; neither as the event proved was the apprehension groundless. Increased caution was resorted to, but scarcely had the feet of the foremost touched the water, than from behind the thickets that lined the opposite bank, a smart shower of some twenty or thirty arrows rang sharply on the iron coats of the Europeans, or whizzed harmlessly by, and immediately after, stooping through the high grass as they came on, in order to avoid as much as possible the being seen, here and there betwixt the bushes the savages were caught sight of, running forward with bows full bent and arrows fixed, with the intention of repeating the assault. But the little party of Europeans were too quick for them; before the shout which had accompanied their missiles had ceased, the report of a dozen muskets awoke the echoes of the distant woods. At that terrible sound, which many of them had never heard before, the crashing and tearing of the buck-shot through the bushes, and the instant curling up of the dense cloud of smoke which followed the report, they fled, scattered in every direction, leaving behind them the body of one who had been shot dead on the bank, and another who was found dying in the bushes whither he had crawled in his agony.

In this skirmish young Ridgdale was wounded in the shoulder by an arrow, which had glanced from the edge of the corslet and inflicted what appeared to be a wound of little consequence. Without waiting longer than to apply a simple pledget of lint, they pushed on to the end of their journey with the utmost eagerness, fearful that the news of the late encounter would induce the sachem Corbitant at once to make his escape, and these fears proved to be well founded, for although some of his people were found in the village, yet he himself was not there. After communicating to one of his principal

men who denied all knowledge of the late ambuscade in the most positive terms, the suspicions of the Council of Plymouth, uttering some very terrible threats of what they would do should such suspicions prove correct, and that too in the tone of one confident in the means of carrying such threats into execution, Miles Standish returned to Namasket.

Here the appearance of the wound in the shoulder of Arthur Ridgdale began to attract attention; little blood had flown therefrom, but the flesh around it had already become discolored, and the shoulder had so swollen that the wearing of his steel corslet occasioned him infinite anguish. Still, however, he insisted on holding on with the rest of the company, nor was it until within five miles of the colony on the return that, unable to go further, he uttered a heavy groan and fell insensible to the ground.

There were tears of pity in many a bright eye, and many a rough voice trembled with unusual feeling as he was borne on a rough litter into the town; the hand of death was upon him, and his wandering looks, and flushed and fevered countenance told that his acute sufferings were drawing to a close.

Whether the arrow with which he had been wounded was poisoned, or whether his long over-tasked frame required much lighter cause than ordinary to bring about its dissolution, it seems impossible to say; we know that on the next day he died, and even when his grave was just dug, before his body had been consigned to the dust of a strange soil, she with whom he had lived all his days, the sharer of his hopes in boyhood, and the soother of his griefs in more mature years—she who had known no other affection, and whose hold on life seemed of so frail a nature that she had seemed to live on only for him, was now ready to share that last narrow home where joy and sorrow, care and hardship are alike unknown.

The same grave received them; to the long row of green mounds which marked the resting places of those who had gone before, another mound larger than the rest was added, and beneath it was placed all that was mortal of Arthur Ridgdale and she who had been his wife.

From this moment old John Ridgdale sank into an apathy from which nothing could arouse him; those energies which had sustained him on all former emergencies seemed buried with his lost children; the struggle with him was over, for the motive was at an end, and it seemed his only wish now to lay himself down and die.

In vain by a hundred little acts of kindness the sympathy of his fellow colonists endeavored to draw him from his state of moody recollection; the soft voice of woman recalled the image of his lost niece, and the kindness of his fellow men reminded him of the affection of him who had departed. Vain, too, were the sterner admonitions of the chief men of the town, who in firmer, but yet kind accents spoke of the duty he owed to those amongst whom he had cast his lot, and of the resignation due under the dispensation of his God; but when they reminded him of his former praiseworthy carriage, his firm constancy, and untiring perseverance, the old man looked wonderingly in their faces for some moments, then casting his eyes to the ground from whence they had been withdrawn, in a tone of voice the mournful expression of which no words can convey, he uttered at once the cause of his inordinate grief, and his justification, "I have no children, now," said he, with a melancholy shake of the head; "I have no children now!" and when, seeing that he refused to be comforted, they left him to his grief, he relapsed into his reverie of sorrow, and in a few short days a welcome death ended the earthly career of THE PURITAN.

## THE SNOW-STORM.

BY CHARLES OLLIER, AUTHOR OF "FERRERS."

"While o'er the plains and distant wolds  
I see the pall of darkness flow;  
And all around, in mighty folds,  
The winding-sheet of new-fallen snow."

ANN RADCLIFFE.

"Hark! the rushing snow, whose mass,  
Thrice sifted by the storm, had gathered there  
Flake after flake!"

SHELLEY.

"Don't go to market to-day, mother—pray don't! Look at the sky! it's as black as a coal! and the wind's enough to blow you off the horse—I'm sure there's a great fall of snow coming. Never mind the market. Don't go, mother!—you'll be frozen to death. Don't go!"

These words were addressed, one morning in February, by a girl about sixteen years of age to a parent, a widow who rented a small

\* Founded on the accident which happened, in the winter of 1799, to Elizabeth Woodcock. The principal circumstance, marvellous as it may appear, is perfectly well authenticated.



farm a few miles from Wells, in Somersetshire, and whose means for the subsistence of herself and family were derived chiefly from the sale of dairy produce at the market town. Hearing this appeal from her daughter, the good woman, who had wrapped herself up in her traveling dress, and drawn the hood of her warm red cloak over her head, seemed irresolute whether to proceed or stay at home. At length, however, she said—

"No, Agnes, I *must* go. The panniers are packed; old Tartar, ready saddled, stands at the door; besides, Sir Richard's steward will be here to-morrow, for the quarter's rent. You know what he said the last time he called. I *must* go, dear Agnes; the steward is more to be feared than the weather."

The poor girl said no more; but she looked beseechingly into her mother's face.

It was not alone by Agnes that a dismal apprehension, induced by the lowering and menacing state of the sky, was felt. Another of the widow's children, a youth, two years younger than his sister, was equally anxious. At the moment we have just indicated, he was holding Tartar in the yard, ready to assist his mother into the saddle. As the house-door stood open, he heard what had passed between Agnes and their parent. Casting an eager glance up to the dim and leaden sky, and listening to the rush of the savage wind, his fear became confirmed; though, after the determination his mother had expressed, he did not like to add his dissuasions to those of his sister.

The widow came forth. "We have a weary journey to go to-day, Tartar," said she, patting the horse's neck; "but you and I are old acquaintance, and we shall do well enough. Now, Steehen," she added, as she stood on the mounting-block, "see that his girth is right, and the panniers well poised. All safe, eh? Give me the bridle."

"Mother," said the youth, "I'm not going to persuade you not to go, after what you've just said; but I don't like the look of the weather, any more than Agnes does. Let me go with you. I can walk as fast as Tartar, now that he is loaded; and when we come back, and have left the goods behind us, he'll carry double well enough. It isn't easy for one person to manage a horse in a snow-drift. Horses are apt to get frightened if they don't feel the ground firm under their feet. If that should be the case, what could you, by yourself, do with old Tartar?"

"Thank you, my dear," replied the widow; "you are always thoughtful for your mother; and I am not the less pleased with what you have offered, because I do not accept it. You and Agnes reckon too much on the chances of a storm. I have seen many worse mornings than this pass off harmlessly enough;—then you can't be spared from home. Agnes must be busy in the dairy, and you will find enough to do about the farm."

So saying, Mrs. Thorpe gave the word to Tartar, who trotted off slowly and reluctantly, as if he, too, did not relish the freezing air, and the unnatural twilight which brooded around. A few gentle applications of his mistress's whip quickened his pace; and in a minute or two both horse and rider were lost to the view of Stephen and his sister, as they stood at the farm-house gate. The road along which Mrs. Thorpe had to pass in her way to Wells was, unfortunately, a very exposed one; and our good woman felt benumbed by an icy blast that drove remorselessly from the north east across the country. Still no snow fell; and, pressing her cloak closely about her, she rode onwards with a cheerful heart, pleased in the reflection that, spite of wind and weather, she had not neglected to exert herself for her family. Equally desirous with his mistress to get to the end of his journey, old Tartar put his best foot foremost, and in little more than an hour and a half reached Wells. Having seen her horse comfortably stalled in the stable of the Angel and Crown, Mrs. Thorpe stationed herself, with her farm-house dainties, under the market roof. Here she soon found abundant customers; for not only was the produce of her dairy in high esteem by the townsfolk, but the market on that day afforded little choice; few of the country dealers having been hardy enough to face the biting and threatening weather. Our widow, therefore, disposed of her commodities to the best possible advantage; and, with purse well filled and thankful heart, prepared, about four o'clock in the afternoon, for return homewards. Meanwhile, the state of the atmosphere grew worse and worse. A grey and livid mist filled the air, bringing on premature darkness. The wan rim hung on every object out of doors; while the wind, as if some heavy mass of congealed vapor hovered above, and checked the gusts in their free course through the upper sky, moaned and shrieked in melancholy clamor.

"This is a wild kind of evening, Mrs. Thorpe," said the landlady of the Angel and Crown, as our widow directed that her horse might be got ready for her. "The young ones, when they consider the weather, won't expect you home to-night: you'd better stay where you are till morning. It's a nasty road to your village, and I never saw so dreary an afternoon. Come into the bar; sit down by the fireside, and let me make up a bed for you."

"Thank you," returned the widow; "but when I left the farm this morning, my children were fearing all manner of things about the weather, and they would be terrified to death should I not return. Thank you, for your kindness; but I feel strong, in good spirits, and *must* be with the children to-night."

Bidding farewell to the landlady, she seated herself on Tartar's back and departed on her return to the farm. Mrs. Thorpe had scarcely cleared the town before the white shower, which had been breeding all day, fell pitilessly; blinding, with its thick and heavy flakes, what little light was left. No object was visible, except the solid spires of the old cathedral, standing in "the grim evening sky," like a gray and ghostly vision; and even these soon vanished, becoming as nothing in the dense and snow-laden air. Should she return, and accept the hospitality of the Angel and Crown? No!—in proportion to the dismal character of the evening, was the necessity of quieting, by her presence, her children's apprehensions. The good woman, accordingly, spoke a few words of encouragement to old Tartar, and urged him to his best speed.

Night came on; and the young watchers in the farm became more and more alarmed for the safety of their parent. Even the little ones (for there were two younger than Stephen and Agnes) begged not to be sent to bed till their mother should return home; and so they sat, hour after hour, listening to the wild blast, and almost fearing to speak, lest each, by communicating to the other his or her fear, should strengthen the already intolérable agony that weighed on all. Often did Stephen go out of doors and gaze into the storm, and return to the trembling party with a face that seemed to have caught its whiteness from the deep snow which buried the earth.—Ah! poor forlorn ones! how can we reveal the perilous sinking of your hearts—the torturing images—the mad terrors—the spasms of dread apprehension you suffered? That your mother had undergone some calamity was certain, else she must have reached home hours ago.

"Light a lantern, Agnes, while I get my great coat and hat. I cannot sit here any longer," said Stephen. "I will go out, and seek my mother."

"How will you be able to walk in the deep snow, dear brother?" asked Agnes. "You can do no good in such a night. Perhaps," continued she, as a sudden thought struck her—"perhaps mother is staying at Wells, on account of the weather, and we are all alarming ourselves without reason."

"No, no!" ejaculated the youth. "She would not stay after all that passed this morning—I know her brave heart too well for that; besides, it did not snow at the time she would be starting for home. Do not stop me! she must not perish, while I have strength to try and save her."

"Get some one, then, to go with you, dear Stephen," said the girl.

"Alas, Agnes!" replied her brother, "you forget that it is near midnight, and that our few neighbors have been some hours a-bed and asleep. Give me the lantern!—nothing on earth shall prevent my going forth."

Though this determination of her brother increased the terror of Agnes, she felt that any attempt to dissuade him from so pious an errand, would be not only futile as regarded himself, but might look like want of affection for her mother. With a heavy sigh, she wrapped her shawl around Stephen's throat, kissed him, placed the lantern in his hand, and the youth sallied out into the dismal night. About the house and in the narrow and enclosed village lane, the snow was very deep, though its direct descent was diverted by the fury of the blast, which whirled the flakes into eddies before they touched the ground, and rendered the wayfarer's progress difficult and uncertain. Nevertheless, guided by his lantern, Stephen pushed on; and, gaining the open road, which was not bounded by hedges, found a firmer footing, as the snow had drifted off into the hollows of the adjacent fields and into the ditches at his side. But whither should he direct his course? How, in the blackness of the night, rendered tenfold more perplexing by the blinding flakes, was he to seek his lost mother? Heedless of the difficulties that beset him, he plodded onwards. The ceaseless wind tore up the snow that lay in his path, heaping it, here and there, into masses, through which it was fearfully toilsome and numbing to struggle. His lantern, however, did the youth some service; and the thought of his mother nerved him to press resolutely on his way. Ever and anon, when the blast was for a moment lulled, he shouted in the dreary and savage night-solitude; but no other sound than that of his own voice, except the rush of the drifts and the howling gusts, met his ear.

Having passed two or three miles in this perilous excursion, he reached a more sheltered spot; this, however, instead of comforting him, only increased his difficulty, as the snow had here accumulated in so high a mound, as to forbid any further progress. Stephen could not choose but halt; though in so doing he again threw out his voice upon the wind, in the trembling hope that his mother might hear him. With a steady fixture of his feet, and a firm arm, though his heart fainted, he held his lantern aloft as a signal, poor fellow! not thinking that its feeble gleam could not, in so thick an atmosphere, be discerned many paces from where he was stationed.

As he stood thus, bearing the light over his head, like a statue in the snowy waste, he descried, at a short distance from him, a large, dark figure looming through the obscurity. In another moment, he was convinced that the object, though indistinctly seen, was a horse; which, having gained the more open road, where a better footing was afforded, speedily vanished from his sight. This, he felt certain,

could be no other than Tartar.

"Mother! mother!" shouted he, in a convulsive voice. "Speak! —'tis I, Stephen your son. Speak, dear mother!"

There was no response, though he listened till the muffled sound of the horse's hoofs died on his ear.

"It *must* have been Tartar," said he to himself; "and she might have been upon his back; the hood over her ears and eyes would have prevented her from either hearing my voice or seeing the light. In this blessed hope, I'll return home."

The getting back was, however, more difficult than his onward path had been; for the fierce wind now blew directly in his face, driving the snow flakes against his eyes. To increase the desolation by which he was surrounded, his light, now low in the socket, was extinguished, and all traces of the road were obliterated. Still, keeping up his presence of mind, and walking with slow and wary paces, he suffered not himself to be bewildered, and at length gained the enclosed lane leading to the farm. His knock at the door was quickly answered by Agnes, who was sobbing bitterly.

"What is the matter?" gasped he, as he staggered into the house. "I have seen Tartar. Is he come back?"

"Yes!" feebly ejaculated Agnes.

"And mother with him?"

"He came alone!" shrieked the girl, with a look of despair.

"Then she has perished!" exclaimed Stephen, falling like one dead on the floor.

We left Mrs. Thorpe plodding homewards, and encouraging her horse to be steady in the snow-storm. With great toil and not a few mishaps she arrived at a narrow part of the road, not very far from the spot which Stephen had reached, and where he had seen Tartar. Here the animal, perceiving the formidable obstacle before him, backed, and could not be urged on. He grew more and more restive; and the widow fearing, by his skittish movements from side to side, that he would lose his footing in one of the ditches that lined the road, dismounted, intending to lead him home. Tartar was now, however, beyond control. He started violently, and broke from his mistress, who, nothing daunted, attempted to regain the bridle. — Wild as he was, the beast did not lose his instinct; he knew that the open ground was less encumbered with snow than the hedge-bordered road. Seeing a low gate at hand, he suddenly leaped it, and gained the common. Still Mrs. Thorpe retained her self-possession, and followed the horse, determined, if possible, to recapture him. In this endeavor she lost one of her shoes in the snow, and was so weary with the exertions she had already made, that her pursuit of Tartar was greatly impeded. Nevertheless, even under those discouraging circumstances, she persisted; and having followed him about half a mile, came up with the animal, regained the bridle, and made another attempt to lead him home.

Poor soul! her energies, untiring as they had been, were now near exhaustion. Almost frozen to death by the stern inclemency, covered with snow, desperately fatigued, and suffering intolerable pain in the foot which was without a shoe, nature gave way, and she was unable to proceed. Her fingers, too, were so benumbed that she could no longer maintain her grasp of the bridle. Sinking down on the ground in this state, "Tartar," said she, "I am too faint to go any further; you must go home without me. Lord have mercy upon me! what will become of me?" Having uttered these words, she swooned.

"The ground whereon she sat," says a writer familiar with the locality, "was upon a level with the common field, close under a thicket on the south-west. She well knew its situation, and its distance from her own house. Only a small quantity of snow, at the time she fainted, had drifted near her; but it accumulated so rapidly, that she was soon completely hemmed in by it. The depth of snow in which she was enveloped was about six feet in a perpendicular direction, and over head between two and three."

When the cave had thus formed itself around her, and not till then, she recovered from her trance, and became fully aware of the horror of her situation. She tried to extricate herself, but her feebleness was too extreme to permit any effectual exertion, not to mention that her garments were so stiffened by the frost, as to render the least movement almost impossible. With rare and more than manly constancy, she still kept up her heart; and resigning herself to the necessity of her situation, sat waiting for the dawn. At sunrise on the following morning, the air, disencumbered of the load that had oppressed it the preceding day, became clear and bright; the wind, too, was tired of raving, and all around was serene. Intense coldness, however, still prevailed; and the snow, to use the great poet's words, was "*baked with frost*." It had hardened itself about her into a conical hut; but she was not in darkness; for, as the sunbeams grew strong, she observed before her a circular hole in the snow, about two feet in length, and half a foot in diameter, running obliquely upwards. Through this the widow thrust her handkerchief, as a signal of distress, hanging it on one of the uppermost twigs of the thicket.

Not abandoning all hope of deliverance, and trusting yet that she should see her children again, she ruminated on the chances of life still remaining to her. Thus busied in thought, it occurred to her that a change in the moon was approaching, and having bought the

new year's almanac at Wells, she, with great difficulty, took it from her frozen pocket, and found there would be a new moon the next day, February the 6th. From this fact she derived great consolation, though the thought of what her children would suffer on missing her, brought with it infinite torment.

In her snow prison, however, the forlorn creature remained day after day, and night after night, perfectly distinguishing the alternation of light and darkness, and hearing the bells of her own village, about two miles distant, which rang in winter time at eight every evening. She could hear, moreover, the sound of carts and wagons on the road, the bleating of sheep, and the barking of dogs. One day she listened to a conversation between two gipsies about an ass they had lost; but though she tried to attract their notice by her cries, the wall of snow stifled her voice, and they passed on.

"I fear," muttered she to herself, "I am doomed to die in this snow cave. I am already in my grave! Alas! my poor children, what will become of you? how will your tender age struggle in this hard world?"

Feeling that she was approaching her end, her mind took a rapid retrospect of her life. She thought of her dead husband, and looked mournfully at the wedding-ring given to her on a day of happiness and bright anticipation. "This," said she, "will be buried with me; for my hand is so much swollen, that any one who may find my body will not be able to get it off, unless—." And she sickened at the thought of mutilation.

A week had passed since the first day of the widow's imprisonment, during which she had been able just to keep soul and body together by eating snow. A thaw now took place; her clothes were wetted quite through; the aperture before mentioned became considerably enlarged; and she once more made an effort to release herself. But her strength was too much impaired: her feet and legs were no longer obedient to her will, and her garments, saturated with water, weighed her down. The frost, too, came on again, and the cave grew more rigid after its external surface had been melted. Her last chance had arrived, and it was of no avail. Utter despair took possession of her. She sat with her hands spread over her face, heaving deep sighs, and stupified with grief, pain, and exhaustion. Her breathing was short and difficult, approaching dissolution became more and more manifest.

Who shall describe the dismay of the wretched children at the farm, as days passed on, and nothing was heard of their mother—no tidings even that her body had been found? Stephen, however, had not been idle during the week. He explored the road day after day, and, accompanied by a neighbor, searched the huts of some gipsies who had encamped by the road side, and whom they suspected had robbed and murdered his mother. No portion of her clothes or other property being found among these vagrants, it occurred to Stephen that it would be advisable to leave the road, and examine the open fields; for though he had no longer the slightest hope of finding his mother alive, he was anxious that her corpse should not be the prey of birds or reptiles.

On the second Sunday, about half-past twelve at noon, he came near the spot where his parent was imbedded: her handkerchief still hung on the twigs: his quick eye caught it in an instant: he knew it, and perceiving the aperture in the mound, looked in, and saw his mother! The pulsation of his heart ceased; but, agitated as he was, he could hear her low, faint moaning. Gasping for breath, he could just articulate, "Mother, mother, I am here, and will deliver you!"

With desperate hands he tore at the stubborn wall that enclosed her whom he sought, and made a breach sufficiently wide for him to enter.

"You, Stephen!" ejaculated the widow, as she fainted in her son's arms.

The youth had sufficient presence of mind not to remove her immediately into the open air: but telling the friend who had accompanied him to hasten to the village, procure a horse and cart and some blankets, and return with all possible speed, removed the frozen cloak from his mother's person, wrapped his own coat and waistcoat round her, and pressed her to his warm bosom. And thus they remained till effectual relief arrived. The sufferer was now enclosed in blankets, lifted gently into the cart, and revived with a small quantity of brandy.

"I have been a long time in that cave, Stephen," she said.

"Yes, dear, dear mother," replied the youth: "ever since Friday night."

"Ay," she rejoined, "Friday week. I have heard the bells go two Sundays for church."

"Do not exert yourself by speaking, mother; we shall soon be at home."

Medical aid was immediately procured; Mrs. Thorpe spoke to the surgeon with a voice tolerably strong, though hoarse; her hands and arms were sodden, and her legs and feet frost-bitten. By judicious treatment on the part of the surgeon, and affectionate nursing by her children, the widow, after long confinement to her bed, recovered from her injuries, though one of her feet, from the toes to the middle of the instep, was rigid and deformed for the rest of her life.



## A DAY OF LOUIS XIV.

[LOUIS IN HIS BEDCHAMBER—ADAPTED FROM LABORDES VERSAILLES.]

During the reign of Louis XIV., which embraced the long period of seventy-two years, from 1643 to 1715, France was changed from a feudal monarchy into an absolute one. Under the previous reign Richelieu had successfully commenced the policy of weakening the feudal nobility, and thus paved the way for the absolute government of Louis XIV., under whom this work was completed. The nobility were drawn from their châteaux to court, employed about the person of the monarch, and rendered dependent on his favor. They soon lost their former spirit of independence, and, becoming corrupted by pensions and court favors, sank into a state of effeminacy from which they never rose. Their vices, follies, and weaknesses hastened the revolution, and at the same time disabled them from taking any useful part in that great movement, under which they were ruthlessly crushed.

The following account of a day at the court of Louis XIV., taken from the memoir-writers of the period, presents a humiliating picture of the French nobility at that time, when the highest object of their ambition was the favor of the sovereign, to obtain which they eagerly aspired to perform menial services about his person:—

About eight o'clock in the morning, while a servant prepared the fire in the king's apartment, and Louis still slept, the pages of the chamber gently opened the windows, and removed the collation which had been left in case of the king requiring refreshment in the night. Bontemps, the first valet, who had slept in the same room, and had dressed himself in the ante-chamber, re-entered, and waited silent and alone, until the clock struck the hour at which the king had desired to be awakened.—He then approached the king's bed, saying, "Sire, the clock has struck," and went directly into the ante-chamber to announce that his majesty was awake. The folding doors were then thrown open, and the Dauphin and his children, Monsieur and the Duke de Chartres, were in waiting to wish him "good morning." The Duke du Maine, the Count de Toulouse, the Duke de Beauvilliers, first gentleman of the chamber, the Duke de la Rochefoucauld, grand-master of the wardrobe, entered, followed by the first valet of the wardrobe, and other officers bringing in the king's dresses. The principal physician and surgeon were also admitted. Bontemps, then handing a silver-gilt vessel, poured on the king's hands some spirit of wine; the Duke de Beauvilliers presented the holy water, and his majesty made the sign of the cross, while the Dauphin and the Duke du Maine, approaching the king's bed, asked him how he had slept. After he had received a very short religious service, M. de St. Quentin laid before him several perukes, and the king pointed out the one he intended to wear. As soon as he rose from his bed, the Duke de Beauvilliers handed him a rich morning-gown, and Quentin presented the peruque, which the king put on himself. Bontemps next drew on his majesty's stockings, and, on being dressed, the holy water was again offered to him. He now went from the balustrade within which the bed was placed, but which is not shown in the engraving, as the scene is supposed to be within it, and, seating himself in an arm-chair near the fire-place, demanded "la première entrée," which the Duke de Beauvilliers repeated in a loud voice, on which a page of the chamber admitted those who, by right of their office or the king's favor, were entitled to be present at the "petit lever." The Marshal Duke de Villeroy, the Count de Grammont, the Marquis de Dangeau, M. de Beringhen, the four secretaries, Colin and Baurepas, readers of the chamber, Vergins, the Count de Crécy, secretary of the cabinet, and the Baron de Breteuil, with several keepers of the wardrobe not on service, and the keepers of the gold and silver plate, were introduced.

His Majesty then underwent the operation of shaving, the basin being held by Charles de Guisgne, Quentin adjusting the shaving-cloth, and applying the soap-brush and razor, and afterwards a soft sponge dipped in spirit of wine, and subsequently in pure water. The king wiped his face with a dry napkin, Bontemps holding a looking-glass during the whole of these operations. When these were finished, Caillebat, Marquis de la Salle, and Letellier, Marquis de Louvre, master of the wardrobe, prepared to attend the King while he dressed, previous to which he demanded the "grand entrées," the admission to which was regarded as one of the highest court favors. On each individual presenting himself in the ante-room, the Sieur de Rassé, one of the ushers of the chamber, approached the Duke de Beauvilliers, and announced his name in a low tone, the duke repeating it to the king, when, if his majesty did not make any objection, the introduction took place. Nobles of the highest rank, marshals, bishops, governors of provinces, and presidents of the parliament, now entered in succession. At length a gentle knock is heard at the door, and Beauvilliers is ready to receive from the groom of the chamber the name of the new comer, and to announce it to the king; but the door is opened without ceremony, although it was neither a great churchman nor soldier; it was Racine: and soon afterwards Boileau, Molière, and Mansard, the architect, are introduced with as little form.

The king, however, is now engaged in dressing, and the courtiers have the gratification of witnessing this ceremony. The page of the wardrobe hands to Gabriel Bachelier his majesty's stockings and garters, who presents them to the king, and Louis puts on the former himself. Another officer hands his "haute-de-chausse," to which silk stockings are attached, and a third puts on the king's shoes. Two pages, splendidly

dressed, remove the habiliments which the king throws off, and his majesty buckles the garters himself. Breakfast is now ready, and Louis commands Racine to seat himself at the table. Two officers of the gobelet bring in the breakfast service. The chief butler presents to the Duke de Beauvilliers a silver-gilt cup, in which the duke pours out wine and water from two decanters, borne by another officer, tastes the beverage, and after the cup has been rinsed, he presents it to the king, who drinks. The Dauphin then gives his hat and gloves to the first gentleman of the chamber, takes a napkin, handed to him by another officer, and presents it to the king, who wipes his lips.

After breakfast is finished, Louis takes off his morning gown, and the Marquis de la Salle assists the king in taking off his night-vest by the left hand, while Bontemps is similarly employed on the right. The latter receives from the king his purse, and hands it to François de Belloc, who places it in a cabinet, and remains in charge of it. Bachelier brings a shirt, which he has aired, and presents it to the Duke de Beauvilliers, and the Dauphin, again laying aside his hat and gloves, hands it to the king. Two officers extend before the king his "robe de chambre," and Bachelier receives the garment which the king has taken off. The Marquis de la Salle assists the king to pull on his long stockings, and the Duke de la Rochefoucauld helps him on with his under waistcoat. Two valets of the wardrobe then present the king with his waistcoat, sword, and the blue ribbon with the crosses of the Holy Ghost and St. Louis. The Duke de la Rochefoucauld buckles on the sword, and the Marquis de la Salle assists his majesty to put on his coat, and next presents him with a rich lace cravat, which the king ties on himself.—The Marquis next empties the pocket of the dress which had been worn by the king on the previous day, and which is held by Bachelier, and receives from the Sieur de Saint Michel two handkerchiefs, presented to him on a waiter. The king then kneels in the space between the bed and the wall, and repeats a prayer, all the cardinals and bishops approaching and joining in a low tone.

His majesty was now ready to receive such of the foreign ambassadors as had occasion to wait upon him; and the ambassador of Spain was introduced to him by appointment, previous to which a coverlet was thrown on the bed, and the curtain drawn in front and at the feet. The king took his seat within the balustrade, the Dukes de Beauvilliers and de la Rochefoucauld and the Marquis de la Salle standing near him, and the princes of the blood being seated by his side. The ambassador is introduced, and makes three obeisances, upon which the king rises, and, taking off his hat, salutes the ambassador, after which, putting on his hat, he resumes his seat. The ambassador, who had by this time commenced his address, put on his hat, on which the princes did the same. At the conclusion of the interview he retires, bowing three times. A lieutenant-general of one of the provinces is next introduced, for the purpose of taking the oaths of office, during which he kneels and places his hands within those of the king, having previously given his sword, hat, and gloves to an officer of the chamber. When the king was indisposed or took medicine, the honor of being present at the "grand entree" was one of the highest aspirations of the courtiers, the mode of reception being less formal.

The "grand entree" was terminated by the king exclaiming, in a loud voice, "To the council!" on which he immediately proceeded to his cabinet, where he found many officers in waiting, to whom he gave orders for the day. To the Bishop of Orleans, first almoner, he said that he would go to mass at noon, instead of half-past nine, as he had intended; to the Marquis de Livry, his first maître-d'hôtel, that he would dine in his private apartment, and that he would sup "au grand couvert," that is, in state; to Bontemps, who handed to him his watch and reliquary, that he would visit the fives' court; to the officer of the wardrobe, that he would go out at two o'clock, and would take his mantle and muff; then, putting on his ordinary peruque, he took his seat at the upper end of a table covered with green velvet, the Dauphin and other illustrious and distinguished persons taking their seats near him, according to their rank. At the conclusion of the council, his majesty repaired to the chapel, and, in passing, gave the watchword of the day to the gendarmes, dragoons, and musqueteers.

During mass, the king's musicians performed a fine motet, composed by the Abbé Robert. At one o'clock the Marquis de Livry, baton in hand, announces that dinner is served, when Louis, attended constantly by a captain of the guard, repairs to his apartment, two attendants preceding him, carrying a table already set out. The Sieur du Plessis, who was in waiting, hands to the Duke de Beauvilliers a moistened napkin, which the Dauphin presents to the king. Each dish had been tasted beforehand, and on a sign from the king an esquire carver cuts up the viands, and the gentleman in waiting changes the king's plate. After he had dined, his majesty, throwing on his mantle, and having received his muff from the master of the wardrobe, descends to his carriage, which is waiting for him in the marble court, a crowd of seigneurs ranging themselves on each side of the staircase. After remaining some time at the fives' court, where the Dukes de Chartres, de Bourgogne, and du Maine were enjoying this favorite game, he returns to the palace. About three o'clock he pays a visit to Madame de Maintenon, where, reclining in an arm-chair, near the fire-place, opposite this lady, who is working a piece of tapestry, he every day passed one or two hours, listening occasionally, to Racine, who came here sometimes to read his compositions. "Esther" and "Athalie," two of Racine's best productions, were performed in this apartment, by the young ladies of the school of St. Cyr, for the King's amusement, who was highly pleased with the unexpected en-

tainment. The performance concluded at an early hour, and at ten o'clock Louis took his departure, after remaining some time in conversation with madame, who had already retired to bed. The king, drawing the bed-curtains, then repaired to the apartment in which he was to sup "au grand couvert."

The different officers had already made the preparations for this ceremony; the table had been laid out by a gentleman in waiting; and the dishes were brought in according to a ceremonial settled by an ordinance of the year 1631. Being seated at the table, the king requested the Dauphin and the princes to take their places at the other end. The Dauphin presenting a napkin to his majesty, supper commenced, six gentlemen remaining standing to wait upon the royal party. When the king wished to drink, the chief butler called out, in a loud voice, "a boire pour le roi," on which two of the principal servants under him, having made an obeisance, presented a silver-gilt cup and two carafes, and tasted the beverage, when his majesty helped himself, and, after another obeisance, the two officers withdrew to the sideboard. Performances of music took place during the repast, and a crowd of courtiers and persons of distinction were present, who remained standing, or occupied seats around the apartment. All rose on the king getting up from table, and his majesty proceeded to the grand saloon, whither the courtiers followed him. Here he remained standing for a few minutes, engaged in conversation; then, bowing to the ladies, he rejoined his family in another apartment.

About midnight preparations were made for the king's retiring. A cold collation was taken into the apartment where he slept; the arm-chair was drawn to the fire-place, and the chief barber arranged the dressing-table. On entering, the king found the courtiers again assembled. He gave his hat, gloves, and cane to the Marquis de la Salle, who handed them to Saint-Michel, and while he unfastens his belt in front, de la Salle detaches it behind, and Saint-Michel places it, with the sword, on the dressing-table. His majesty then says a prayer, and the almoner, who holds the wax lights, also repeats a prayer for the king, and informs him that mass will be said next day at nine o'clock.—The king, returning to his seat, hands his watch and reliquary to a valet-de-chambre, and the Duke de Beauvilliers, having asked his majesty by whom he wished to be lighted, the Duke de Chartres is distinguished by this mark of royal favor, and takes the wax lights into his hands. The king then takes off the blue ribbon, which de la Salle receives, as well as the king's cravat and waistcoat, and his majesty sitting down, Bontemps and Bachelier take off his garters, and two valets each draw off one of the king's shoes and stockings, which Saint-Michel places on an arm-chair near the bed. Two pages present the king with his slippers, and the Dauphin his "chemise de nuit," which had been aired by a valet of the ward-robe, and his majesty rises to put on his robe de chambre, at the same time bowing to the courtiers, who take this as the signal for withdrawing. Bontemps takes the candlestick from the Duke de Chartres and gives it to one of the nobles who had solicited the honor of holding it, and the groom of the chamber cries out, "Alions, messieurs, passez." The "grand coucher" is finished, and only the princes and others who had been present at the "petit lever" remain. The king now seats himself on a folding seat, near the balustrade, and Quentin combs and arranges his hair, while two valets hold a looking-glass and a light. The Duke de la Rochefoucauld presents the king with his nightcap and two handkerchiefs, and the Duke de Beauvilliers hands to the Dauphin a napkin, which the latter is to present to the king. All the attendants are now dismissed, the physician alone remaining, and, after he withdraws, the bed is aired, and the king is left to enjoy, if he can, the repose which such irksome ceremonies must have made needful. Bontemps draws the curtains, secures the doors, and then lays down on a bed prepared for him in the same chamber.

—Such was a day of Louis XIV. at Versailles!

From Power's New Hampshire.

### AN ADVENTUROUS VISIT.

When Capt. Peter Powers and Anna, his wife, first pitched their tent in Hollis, 1731, which was a little north-west of the present meeting-house, the traces of which are still visible, their nearest neighbor lived in the south-eastern part of Dunstable, N. H., a distance, probably, at this time, of ten miles, and could not be made at that period at a less travelling distance than twelve miles, as they had no road but a single track, and spotted trees for their guide.

This journey could not be made in the summer season without fording the Nashua, which was done a little south-east of a small island, visible at your left, as you now pass the bridge, going from Hollis, N. H., to Dunstable, Mass.; and here the river was fordable only when the streams were low. Of course, these lonely adventurers made their visits but seldom, and never with a view to be absent from their habitation during the night, as they were then the parents of two children, whom they were necessitated to leave at home, in a cabin surrounded with Indians. Indeed, never did both parents leave their children and perform this route in company.

Now, it happened on a summer's morn'g, in the month of August, that the wife, Anna, found it convenient to visit her neighbor, and mounting at an early hour a fine Narraganset, a faithful and tried companion in adventures, the river was soon forded, and the whole distance was made, long ere it was high noon. The interview was such as cha-

racterized the first settlers in this new country, where warmth of affection more than supplied the place of a thousand ceremonies, and a sense of dependence prompted to the discharge of kinder offices than mere refinement would recognize as obligatory on her.

The hours passed swiftly away—they lived fast—they ate, they drank, they talked much, and blessed God and their king. Nor did a single occurrence tend to interrupt their festivity until about three past meridian, when all were suddenly aroused by a distant, though heavy, discharge of heaven's artillery. All rushed to the door to witness the aspect of the elements, when, lo! it was most threatening and appalling! Nature all around slept or seemed to be awed into a deathlike silence. Not a leaf moved, but when the foundations of the earth responded to the voice of heaven. Already, from north to south, the whole western horizon was mantled in black, and the gathering tempest moved forward as slowly and sublimely as though conscious of its power to deride all resistance! Not until this moment did anxious concern possess the breast of Anna for the objects of her affections, whom she had left in that lone dear cell. In a kind of momentary distraction, she demanded that Narraganset should be pannelled, for she must return to her family that afternoon, whatever might be the consequences to herself. She had rather brave the tempest returning, than endure her forebodings with her sheltered friends. But a sudden change in the elements did more to dissuade her from so rash an attempt than the entreaties and expostulation of her friends. From an apparent calm, nature now awoke and seemed to be rushing into ruin. As though the north called unto the south, and the west unto the east, the four winds came on to the conflict. Clouds were driven hither and thither in angry velocity, and all seemed to be propelled in directions counter to each other. The tempest soon burst upon them, and on the whole adjacent country, in an unparalleled torrent. Nothing was heard but the crack or roll of thunder, and the roar of winds and waters—nothing seen but the successive blaze of lightning!

"Intonuer poli et crebris micant ignibus æther."

The said Anna lived until rising somewhat of ninety years, and could remember distinctly more than eighty years; but, in all this time, she never witnessed such a scene, nor could she relate any thing which seemed to raise such sublimity of feeling in her mind as this.

The tempest lay upon them with unabated force several hours, nor did it appear to spend itself until the sun was just sinking below the horizon, when it broke in upon drowned nature in all its smiles, and reflected its golden beams upon the black cloud at the east, in the most enchanting manner. This was the moment for Anna to renew her resolve of returning to her family that night; and, contrary to all reasoning and persuasions, she instantly put it in execution. She mounted her horse, and bidding adieu to her friends, she entered the twelve-mile forest just as the sun took his leave of her. She calculated upon a serene and star-light evening, and the extraordinary instinct of her beast, as well as her experience in the way and at the fords. But in regard to the former, she was wholly disappointed. The wind soon shifted, and rolled the same cloud back again; the rain recommenced as the night set in, and the wind ceased.

At that season of the year, the time of twilight was short; the earth being warm and moistened, evaporation was rapid, and a dense fog arose, which soon obstructed vision, and, long ere she arrived at the fords, she was enveloped in total darkness. Her only guide now was her faithful Narraganset, and the beasts of the forest her companions. She, however, made the best of her circumstances. She entered into conversation with her mare, as was her custom when riding alone; and when her beast stopped suddenly and tossed up her head, and snorted at some wild animal crossing her track, as was supposed, Anna would exhort her to possess courage, assuring her, "that nothing could harm her, for the beasts were mere cowards in the presence of a brave horse," &c.

After this manner, the long way to the fords was passed over in Egyptian darkness; nor had the thought once occurred to Anna that so considerable a river as now rolled before her would be materially affected by a thunder storm of a few hours' whereas, so great was the fall of water in this time, that the river, although wide at this place, was bank full, and swept on with great rapidity. Nor could the rushing of the waters be heard by reason of the rain still pouring upon the forest around her. She therefore determined to give the rein to her experienced beast, believing that she would keep the ford, and land her on the opposite shore at the proper place. The horse entered the stream as soon as at the bank, and in a moment lost her foot-hold on terra-firma. Such, however, was Anna's presence of mind, that she made no exertion to rein her beast, but endeavored simply to retain her seat, which was now under water, while the waves beat against her waist.

The faithful animal made for the opposite shore; but so strong was the current, that she was either carried below the ford, or, in her exertions to resist it, she overacted and went above it, where, at one sweep of her forefeet, she struck upon a rock in the bed of the river, which suddenly raised her somewhat from the water forward; but as soon plunged again, for the rock was cleared the second sweep. This plunge was so deep that Anna was borne from her pannel by the gravity of the water; but pitching forward, she seized Narraganset's mane as she rose, nor did she quit her grasp, until they were both safely landed on the happy shore! Adjusting her clothes, she remounted, and soon found that her beast was in her accustomed track, and, in little more than one hour, she alighted at the door of her peaceful cabin,



where, by her well-known signal,\* she broke the slumber of her husband and babes, and on entering related, in no purer gratitude or greater joy than they experienced in hearing, the result of that adventurous night.

\* Captain Powers and wife agreed on a peculiar rap, which served as a kind of countersign to inform the one within that the other had arrived and desired admission. This was necessary to prevent the intrusion of Indians, who would often rap at different hours of the night.

From the Lady's Book.

## THE TEA ROSE.

BY MRS. H. E. BEECHER STOWE.

### PART I.

There it stood, in its little green vase, on a light-ebony stand, in the window of the drawing-room. The rich satin curtains with their costly fringes swept down on either side of it, and around it glittered every rare and fanciful trifle which wealth can offer to luxury, and yet that simple rose was the fairest of them all. So pure it looked—its white leaves just touched with that delicious creamy tint, peculiar to its kind, its cup so full, so perfect, its head bending as if it were sinking and melting away in its own richness—oh, when did man ever make anything like the living perfect flower!

But the sunlight that streamed through the window revealed something fairer than the rose. Reclined on an ottoman, in a deep recess, and intently engaged with a book, lay what seemed the living counterpart of that so lovely flower. That cheek so pale, so spiritual; the face so full of high thought, the fair forehead, the long, downcast lashes, and the expression of the beautiful mouth, so sorrowful yet so subdued and sweet—it seemed like the picture of a dream.

"Florence!—Florence!" echoed a merry and musical voice in a sweet impatient tone. Turn your head, reader, and you will see a dark and sparkling maiden, the very model of some little wilful elf, born of mischief and motion, with a dancing eye, a foot that scarcely seemed to touch the carpet, and a smile so multiplied by dimples, that it seemed like a thousand smiles at once. "Come Florence, I say," said the little fairy, "put down that wise, good, excellent volume, and talk with a poor little mortal—come, descend from your cloud, my dear."

The fair apparition thus adjured, obeyed, and, looking up, revealed just the eyes you expected to see beneath such lids; eyes deep, pathetic and rich, as a strain of sad music.

"I say, cousin," said the 'darke ladye,' "I've been thinking what you are to do with your pet rose, when you go to New York—as to our great consternation you are going to do; you know it would be a sad pity to leave it with such a scatter-brain as I am. I do love flowers, that's a fact; that is, I like a regular bouquet, cut off and tied up to carry to a party; but as to all this tending and fussing that is necessary to keep them growing, I've no gifts in that line."

"Make yourself quite easy as to that, Kate," said Florence, with a smile. "I've no intention of calling upon your talents; I have an asylum for my favorite."

"Oh! then you know just what I was going to say; Mrs. Marshall I presume has been speaking to you; she was here yesterday, and I was very pathetic upon the subject, telling her the loss your favorite would sustain, and so forth, and she said how delighted she should be to have it in her green-house, it is in such a fine state now, so full of buds. I told her I knew you would like it, of all things, to give it to her; you were always so fond of Mrs. Marshall, you know."

"Nay, Kate, I'm sorry, but I have otherwise engaged it."

"Who can it be to? you have so few intimates here."

"Oh, only one of my odd fancies."

"But do tell me, Florence."

"Well, cousin, you know the little pale girl to whom we give sewing."

"What, little Mary Stephens? How absurd! This is just of a piece, Florence, with your other motherly, old-maidish ways—dressing dolls for poor children, making caps, and knitting socks for all the little dirty babies in the region round about. I do believe that you have made more culls in those two vile, ill-smelling alleys back of our house than ever you have in Chestnut street, though you know every body has been half dying to see you; and now, to crown all, you must give this choice little bijou to a sempstress girl, when one of your most intimate friends, in your own class, would value it so highly. What in the world can people in their circumstances want of flowers?"

"Just the same that I do," replied Florence, calmly. "Have you never noticed that the little girl never comes here without looking wistfully at the opening buds? and don't you remember the morning when she asked me so prettily if I would let her mother come and see it, she was so fond of flowers?"

"But, Florence, only think of this rare flower standing on a table with ham, eggs, cheese, and flour, and stifled in the close little room where Mrs. Stephens and her daughter manage to wash, iron, cook, and nobody knows what besides."

"Well, Kate, and if I were obliged to live in one coarse room, and wash, iron, and cook, as you say—if I had to spend every moment of my time in hard toil, with no prospect from my window but a brick side-

walk, or a dirty lane, such a flower as this would be untold happiness to me."

"Pshaw, Florence—all sentiment; poor people have no time to be sentimental: besides, I don't think it will grow with them—it is a green-house flower, and used to delicate living."

"Oh, as to that, a flower never inquires whether its owner be rich or poor; and Mrs. Stephens, whatever else she has not, has sunshine of as good a quality as that that streams through our window. The beautiful things that God makes are the gift of all alike. You will see that my little rose will be as well and merry in Mrs. Stephens's room as in ours."

"Well, after all, how odd! When one gives to poor people one wants to give them something useful—a bushel of potatoes or a ham, for example."

"Why, certainly, potatoes and ham must be had; but, having ministered to the first and most craving wants, why not add any little pleasures or gratifications that we may have it in our power to give. I know that there are many of the poor who have fine feeling and a keen sense of the beautiful, which rusts out and dies because they are too hard pressed to procure it one gratification. Poor Mrs. Stephens, for example; I know she would enjoy birds, and flowers, and music as much as I do. I have seen her eye kindle as she has looked on these things in our drawing-room, and yet not one beautiful thing can she command. From necessity, her room, her clothing, all that she has, must be coarse and plain. You should have seen the almost rapture that she and Mary felt when I offered them my rose."

"Dear me, all this may be true, but I never thought of it before.—I never thought that these hard-working people had any idea of taste!"

"Then why do you see so often the geranium or rose carefully nursed in an old cracked tea-pot in the poorest room, or the morning glories planted in a box, and made to twine around the window. Do not all these show how every human heart yearns after the beautiful? You remember how Mary our washerwoman sat up a whole night after a hard day's work, that she might make her first baby a pretty little dress to be baptized in."

"Yes, I remember, and how I laughed at you for making such a tasty little cap for it."

"Well, Katy, I think that the look of perfect delight and satisfaction with which the poor girl regarded her baby in its new dress and cap, was something quite worth creating: I do believe she could not have thanked me more, if I had sent her a barrel of flour."

"Well, I never before thought of giving to the poor anything but what they really needed, and I have always been willing to do that when I could without going far out of my way."

"Well, cousin, if our Heavenly Father gave to us as we often give, we should have only coarse shapeless piles of provision, lying about the world, instead of all the beautiful variety of trees, fruits and flowers which now delight us."

"Well, well, cousin, I suppose you are right, but pray have mercy on my poor head; it is too small to hold so many new ideas at once: even go on your own way:" and the little lady began practising a waltzing step before the glass with great satisfaction.

### PART II.

It was a very small room, and lighted by only one window. There was no carpet on the floor; there was a clean but coarsely covered bed in one corner; a cupboard with a few plates and dishes in the other; a chest of drawers; and before the window stood a small cherry stand, quite new, and indeed the only article in the room that seemed so. A pale sickly looking woman of about forty was leaning back in her rocking chair, her eyes closed, and her lips compressed as if in pain. She rocked backward and forward a few moments, pressed her hand hard upon her eyes, and then languidly resumed the fine stitching on which she had been busy since morning. The door opened, and a slender little girl of about twelve years of age entered, her large blue eyes dilated, and absolutely radiant with delight, as she held up the small vase with the rose-tree in it.

"Oh, see! mother, see! there's one in full bloom, and two more half out, beautiful buds!"

The poor woman's face brightened, as she looked first on the rose, and then on her sickly girl, on whose face she had not seen so bright a color for months.

"God bless her!" said she, involuntarily.

"Miss Florence! I knew you would feel so, mother; don't it make your headache better to see this flower? Now you won't look so wishful at the gardeners' stands in the market, will you? We have a rose handsomer than any of theirs. Why it seems to me, that it is worth as much to us as our whole little garden used to be. See how many more buds there are on it, just count, and only smell the flower! Where shall we put it?" and Mary skipped about the room, placing her treasure first in one position, and then in another, and walking off to see the effect, till her mother gently reminded her that the rose-tree could not preserve its beauty without sunlight.

"Oh yes, truly!" said Mary; "well, then, it must stand here on this new stand. How glad I am that we have such a handsome new stand for it, it will look so much better." And Mrs. Stephens laid down her work and folded a piece of newspaper on which the treasure was duly deposited.

"There," said Mary, watching the arrangement eagerly, "that will do; no, though it does not show both the buds—turn it farther round—a little more—there, it's right;" and Mary walked round the room to view the rose in various positions, after which she insisted that her mother should go round with her to the outside to see how it looked there.—"How kind it was in Miss Florence to think of giving this to us," said Mary; "though she has done so much for us, and given us so many things, yet this present seems the best of all, because it seemed as if she thought of us, and knew just how we felt, and so few do that."

"Yes, indeed," said Mrs. Stephens, sighing.

What a bright afternoon that small gift made in that little room. How much faster Mary's tongue and fingers flew the livelong day, and Mrs. Stephens, in the happiness of her child, almost forgot that she had a headache, and thought as she sipped her evening cup of tea, that she felt stronger than she had done for some time.

That rose! its sweet influence died not with that first day. Through all the long cold winter that followed, the watching, tending, and cherishing of that flower, awakened a thousand pleasant trains of thought that beguiled the sameness and weariness of their life. Every day the fair growing thing put forth some fresh beauty; a bud—a leaf—or a new shoot, constantly excited fresh delight in its possessors. As it stood in the window, the passer by would sometimes stop and gaze, attracted by its beauty, and then how proud and happy was Mary, nor did even the serious and care-worn widow, notice with indifference when she saw the eye of a chance visitor rest admiringly on their favorite.

But little did Florence know when she gave that gift, that there was twined around it an invisible thread, that reached far as brightly into the web of her destiny.

One cold afternoon in early spring, a tall, graceful young man called at the lowly room to receive and pay for some linen which the widow had been making up. He was a wayfarer and stranger in the place, recommended through the charity of some of Mrs. Stephens's patrons.—His eye, as he was going out, rested admiringly upon the rose; he stopped and looked earnestly at it.

"It was given to us," said the little Mary, quickly, "by a young lady as sweet and beautiful as that is."

"Ah!" said the stranger, turning and fixing upon her a pair of very bright eyes, pleased and rather struck with the simplicity of the communication, "and how came she to give it to you, my little girl?"

"Oh, because we are poor, and mother is sick, and we never can have anything pretty. We used to have a garden once, and we loved flowers so much, and Miss Florence found all this out, and so she gave us this."

"Florence!" echoed the stranger.

"Yes, Miss Florence l'Estrange, a beautiful young lady,—they say she was from foreign parts, though she speaks English just like any other lady, only sweeter."

"Is she here now? is she in this city?" said the gentleman eagerly.

"No, she left some months ago," said the widow; but noticing the sudden shade of disappointment on his face, she added, "but you can find all about her by inquiring at her aunt, Mrs. Carlisle's, No. 10 — street."

As the result of this, Florence received from the office in the next mail, a letter, in a handwriting that made her tremble. During the many early years of her life spent in France, she had well learned that writing; had loved as a woman like her loves, only once; but there had been obstacles of parents and friends, separation, and long suspense, till at length, for many bitter years, she had believed that the relentless sea had closed for ever over that hand and heart; and it was this belief that had touched, with such sweet calm sorrow, every line in her lovely face. But this letter told her that he was living, that he had traced her, even as a hidden streamlet may be traced, by the freshness, the greenness of heart, which her deeds of kindness had left wherever she had passed.

And thus much said, do our fair readers need any help in finishing this story for themselves? Of course not.

**RELICS OF SHAKESPEARE.**—Opposite to the Town Hall Stratford-on-Avon, is a house, occupied by a Mr. Reason, who has a sign in front of it, announcing that therein is kept a collection of articles which were in the house where the poet was born, and remained there till Mary Homby, the mother of the present Mrs. Reason, was obliged to leave it, on account of the proprietor raising the rent so much in consequence of the numerous visits to it. She at first gave ten, then twenty, then forty pounds a year for it; but the tide of visitors increasing, the demand of the landlord still rose with it, till either the man outvalued the income, or the patience of Mary Homby gave away. She gave notice to quit the house, and another person immediately took it. A violent feud arose between the out-going and the in-coming exhibitor. Mary Homby, of course, stripped the house of every article that had been shown as Shakespeare's. But she did not stop there. She deliberately (or, perhaps, as will appear probable, rather hastily) took a brush and a pail of whitewash, and washed over all the millions of inscribed names of adoring visitors on the walls? At one fell swoop out went the illustrious signatures of kings, queens, princes, princesses, ambassadors, ambassadors, lords, ladies, knights, poets, philosophers, statesmen, tragedians, comedians, bishops, lord chancellors, lord chief justices, privy councillors, senators, and famous orators—all the sweet tribe of duchesses, countesses, baronesses, honorables, and dishonorables—out went they altogether, with as little remorse as if death himself had been

wielding the besom of destruction, instead of Mary Homby her whitewash brush! Mary Homby, having executed this sublime extinction of so many dignities, marched out with a lofty sense of the vacuum she left behind, carrying away with her the albums into the bargain. The new tenant, on entering, was struck with a speechless consternation! In "the immortal bard's" own words, all the precious relics had

Vanish'd like the baseless fabric of a vision,  
And left not a wreck behind.

Nothing at all but four bare walls! What was to be done? It was still Shakespeare's birth-place—but it was a very naked one indeed: all the imposing relics were gone, and a rival shop was set up with them! She looked upon herself as swindled. She had a higher rent to pay, with a diminished stock, and a formidable rival, and she accordingly raised a loud clamor in the ears of the landlord. The landlord began to bluster with Mary Homby, and claimed the goods as heir-looms—as part and parcel of the property; but the lawyers told him a different story. He then claimed the albums, and commenced proceedings to recover them, but with no better success. Money was then offered for them, but could not buy them; so it was absolutely necessary to commence anew, with blank walls and blank books. It was a melancholy coming down.

But, although the ravages of this modern Goth and Vandal, Mary Homby, could not be entirely repaired, they might be in some degree, mitigated, and as the disconsolate successor ruminated on the means—lo! a most happy and inspired idea occurred to her. Mary Homby had been in a passion, and perhaps she had forgotten to put any size into her whitewash. A dry brush was instantly applied to the wall—the hope at once became a certainty. Mary Homby had omitted the size; and by gentle and continued friction of the brush, the millions of pencilled names once more appeared in all their original clearness! The abstracted relics were at once pronounced—humbug: new albums were opened; and the Shakespeare show-room was restored to its ancient value. In fact, this house, which was some years ago purchased of John Shakespeare's descendants, the Harts, with other property, for £250, is now said to be worth £2000.—*Howitt's Visit to Remarkable Places.*

From Blackwood's Magazine.

## SAMUEL HOGGINBUCK.

### CHAPTER I.

Samuel Hogginbuck, at eight-and-twenty, was the pride and ornament of the northern road. He had a spanking mare and a green gig, and sat with a cigar in his mouth, and his grey hat stuck knowingly on one side of his head, the whip skilfully poised across his mare's flank, and his feet stretched out till they touched the inside of the splash-board. It was impossible for any person to look more completely genteel. He himself constantly expressed his internal conviction that he was a kiddy-swell, and repeated this opinion so often, and backed it with so many oaths, that, by universal consent, it was the name he was known by. It was a beautiful sight to see the kiddy-swell trotting along the road on a bright day of June. He seemed to have a sacred consciousness that he had a character to support, and in the loneliest places was as erect and as punctilious in the set of his hat, and arrangement of his legs, as in the midst of Fleet street. The mile-stones must have been astonished at seeing so well dressed a man apparently as anxious for their approbation as if they had each been a young lady with a fortune of five thousand pounds; only mile-stones are exceedingly unlike young ladies, whether with five thousand pounds or not, for they are very unimpressible, and, accordingly, they cared not a sixpence for all the airs and graces, the fine clothes and graceful attitudes, of the kiddy-swell. He was, indeed, a very handsome fellow. A large nose, which had at one time, apparently, determined to be an aquiline, but had altered its mind, and rolled itself round and round till it was difficult to discover to what order of figures it belonged, was, as in duty bound, the principal feature of his face. When you met him full in front, the nose assumed no particular appearance, but was lost in the umbrageous forests that extended their depth of shade upon either cheek. It was only when you got a glimpse of his profile, that you were aware of the peculiar rotundity of the feature. And the kiddy-swell took an amazing pride in displaying it to the best advantage. This desire was perhaps the cause of a peculiar habit he had of turning only one side of his face towards anyone he conversed with; the reason he assigned for it was, that he was a little deaf of one ear; but it was unanimously agreed by all his friends, that the excuse about the hearing was a regular sham, for that Mr. Samuel Hogginbuck heard as well as his neighbors, except when he was not in the humor to hear. His whiskers, after extending to the root of the nose, and projecting a vast expanse of hair under his chin, were continued in a modified form across his upper lip by a belt of mustache. A smaller clump also showed to great advantage in the hollow above his chin; so that it was evident to the most cursory observer that he had deeply studied the art of ornamental planting. His neck belonged to that order of masculine beauty called the bull; it was very thick, and rose from prodigious shoulders, and a chest to whose naturally enormous dimensions he thought it necessary to add, by stuffing his double-breasted coat with two or three handkerchiefs, leaving only a small portion of one of them, generally a red Bandana—such as used to sell for half-a-guinea, but now costs not more, wholesale, than four-and-sixpence—projecting below the third button. A frame of Herculean size, with legs more indicative, perhaps, of



strength than elegance, completed the outward man of the kiddy-swell—and a very awkward man to quarrel with you may depend upon it, the kiddy-swell would have been. But fortunately his good nature was equal to his other perfections, and his temper was kept in a perpetual glow of universal philanthropy by the sunshine of self admiration.

There are no highways so pleasant to travel on in England, as the fine, smooth levels in the neighborhood of Towcester; and few scenes are so interesting and varied as those you meet with in driving through the crowd of villages that lie on both sides of the road. Great handsome halls in stately parks, are perhaps more numerous in other quarters; but that vicinity has more than its share of jolly little snuggeries in their neat private grounds; and whole villages composed of comfortable mansions, fit for an Alderman to retire to when his active labors have gained their fitting reward—a plum and a tendency to gout. Now, few people have travelled through a country without forming guesses as to the qualities of a house from its outside appearances; but the kiddy-swell prided himself beyond all men on his knowledge of stone-and-mortar physiognomy. He was a perfect Lavater in mason work. When he saw a fancy cottage in its small domain, with diminutive fish-pond, sloping roofs, innumerable gable ends, and ivy-covered porch, he turned up his nose at it with a sneer of disdain, spurring out something between his teeth about pride and rheumatism, small bedrooms and home-made wine; for he had an infallible knack of predicating from the shape of the walls, and general appearance of a house, what style the inhabitants lived in. A good stout square house, with low roof and substantial pillars at the door, was his peculiar delight. "That's what I call regular gentlemanly, that is," he would say—"no small beer there; best of brown stout and old port wine." To claret and champagne houses he was not partial; their bow windows and trellised walks, and flights of hall steps, repelled him; "French dishes and hock—rot them!" he would say—"plated silver dish-covers and powdered footmen; I'll be bound that 'ere house never asks a neighbour to step in to his mutton chop on the spur of the moment. No—dass say, now, it sends out its cards a month before—all stiffness, cold plates, and civility—I hates it."

So saying, he would gracefully drop the whip on the side of his spanking mare, and trot past the object of his aversion as hard as she could go. But there were some residences that nearly tempted him to pull up altogether, to enjoy a longer look at their captivating features. At one part of his journey, there was one that always particularly struck him. It was a good-sized straw-roofed house, with close-fitting verandah, a good useful garden, revealing a high fruit-tree, brick wall behind, and a neat commodious stable at one side. Its walls were colored yellow; its walks trim and graveled, seen through a honey-suckle hedge that divided it from the shady lane, led hospitably up to the front door, at which busy fancy always painted to the kiddy-swell a rotund gentleman, with a jocular countenance, squeezing his hand, and telling him dinner was that minute on the table. But Fancy pursued her labors without ever calling reality to her assistance, and the uninvited guest had always to pursue his journey, leaving imaginary old gentlemen to announce unsubstantial dinners to any person who might be contented with such unsatisfying food. This cottage he had christened Sirloin Hall, feeling convinced, in his own mind, if by any fortunate event the above-mentioned old gentleman ever fulfilled the expectation he had so often raised, that that noblest of dishes would be the staple of the feast. But the kiddy-swell had cast a wishful eye at Sirloin Hall four times every year for four years, and nothing came of it; he began to consider the fat old gentleman a deliberate humbug, and had even gone so far as to tell his spanking mare—touching her on the flank at the same time with his whip—that he considered the old miscreant's conduct ungentlemolly in the extreme.

Such were the feelings of Mr. Samuel Hogginbuck, when, on the morning of the 7th of April, 1841, he left the village of Oosley, and reflected, that in four or five miles, after crossing the Grand Junction, he should for the seventeenth time have a vision of Sirloin Hall. With a waywardness peculiar to great geniuses, he made greater exertions than ever to astonish the natives, as he called it, though he knew perfectly that there was no more chance of his getting admission to the house than of flying up to the moon. His hat was set with a more knowing cock than ever over his left ear; his whip balanced with greater grace; his body kept more upright, and his feet more extended. You would have said he was determined to make the house as envious of him as he was of it. All his books and patterns were carefully stowed away in the well of his gig, which he had ingeniously contrived to resemble a dog cart, by sinking a square portion of the body below the axle bar; and having a grating fixed in it as if for the admission of air. The deception was still further kept up by the kiddy-swell's powers of mimicry, which were very remarkable in all respects; but in giving the tones of a dog in all possible varieties of pleasure or pain, very nearly miraculous. There were many real dogs that it would have improved very much if they had taken a lesson from his bark. Occasionally, just before passing through a village, he uttered such a variety of canine sounds, that the most experienced sportsman might have been deceived, and been persuaded that two first-rate pointers were growling at each other below the seat. The wished for spot was drawing near; at a turn of the road he knew he should be within sight of the neat iron gate, that he should see the gravel walk, the honey-suckle hedge, the front door, the hospitable phantom; but no! he was determined to give way no longer to such absurd hallucinations, and lighted a fresh cigar

with the equanimity of a Turk. The turn of the road was gained—the gate was seen—was passed—the front door remained closed, and several oaths gathered round the lower part of the kiddy swell's throat, and produced a fit of coughing, from the impossibility of giving utterance to them all. When he had passed about a quarter of a mile, and was about to lose sight forever of the mansion to which he had become so romantically attached, he turned right round in his gig to have a better view—touched his mare somewhat angrily with the lash, and was on the point of giving vent to a powerfully conceived malediction, when a sudden crash recalled him to himself; a loud scream broke upon his ear, and on looking round he saw a pony and little carriage completely turned upside down, and a bundle of silk cloaks and green bonnets squalling most dreadfully in the ditch. To jump down from his gig, and lift the living inhabitants of the said cloaks and bonnets from the somewhat unpicturesque attitudes into which the concussion had thrown them; to restore them to a position on that portion of the body which habit has accustomed us to walk upon, rather than keep elevated in the air, to the discomposure of gowns and petticoats; to swear at his mare's awkwardness, and promise, by way of satisfaction to the ladies' injured feelings, to cut its hide into ribbons: all this was the work of a moment. But it was the work of far more than a moment to bring the terrified ladies out of the belief, with which they had apparently become imbued in the ditch, that they were dead women, and no longer inhabitants of this lower sphere. Gradually they returned to a knowledge of their position, passing through all the various stages of every limb being crushed to atoms—then both legs being broken—then, at least, a couple of ribs; and they both seemed somewhat disappointed when they perceived that they had received no damage whatever; and that even the carriage had been tilted so neatly over, that it had not received a scratch; and that the pony lay as happily on its back, kicking up its heels in the air on the high road, as if it had been going through the laborious process of turning over in its own soft paddock at home.—Gratitude is a powerful feeling in the female breast, especially towards a young gentleman six feet high, and endowed with the captivating qualifications of the kiddy-swell. The ladies, accordingly, far from blaming him as the author of all the mischief, considered him only in the light of their preserver. They saw him only in his graceful character of their rescuer from an untimely grave in a dry ditch, and never cast a thought on the furious Jehu that had nearly trampled them in the mud.

"Oh sir, don't mention it! Your kindness is too great. I don't know what we would have done if you had not fortunately been by," said one.

"Oh, we must have lain in the ditch and perished!" chimed the other; "but you have saved our lives, sir, at the risk of your own. Can we ever be grateful enough, Jane?"

"No, Elizabeth. It is such an escape!—that wicked pony! Oh, how I wish we were safe at home!"

"Is it far off, ladies? for if it ain't any long way about, I can take you both into my gig, and drive you home with pleasure."

"Oh no!" said both the sisters, "we couldn't risk ourselves in a carriage again. Our house is only a few yards off. The first round the corner."

"What!" said the kiddy-swell; "the yellow house with the gravel walks, honey-suckle hedge, iron gate?—say no more, I'll escort you there in a minute. Here's a go!" he added, while he lifted up the pony and carriage—"blessed if the old boy won't shake me by the hand, after all!"

He fixed his own mare to a gate, at the side of the road, took the bridle of the pony in his hand, and offering each of the ladies an arm, walked with great grace and politeness towards Sirloin Hall. The two sisters clung close to his side, as if they were afraid somebody else was going to drive them into the ditch; and their short ejaculations to each other showed that they scarcely knew whether to wonder most at the misfortune they had experienced, or the very agreeable acquaintance they had made.

"We were just hurrying home to dinner," said Miss Elizabeth.

"Just hurrying home," repeated Miss Jane.

"We hope—don't we, Jane?"

"Yes, we do—we hope you will—" replied Miss Jane.

"You will stay and join—" continued Miss Elizabeth.

"And join our party to-day," concluded the younger lady.

"With all my soul!" replied the kiddy-swell, bowing alternately to the left and right, but presenting his profile as much as possible to each. "I shall be too happy—and perhaps we can get some yokel to bring along my mare. She's worth seventy guineas if she's worth a shillin, and has done me many a score of miles, and will again, please the pigs; but here's the gate. Your father, I dare say, will hurry to meet us at the door."

"We have no father," said Miss Elizabeth; "we live here quite alone."

"Quite alone!" thought the gentleman—"a mighty nice place to hang up one's hat!" and with this reflection he looked more particularly at his companions than he had yet done. Miss Elizabeth was tall and thin, with a high nose and lively grey eyes. She seemed about five-and-thirty; her sister a year or two younger; rather more starched in her manner, and with a peculiar turn in the lip, which in elderly young ladies who have begun to think there are no young men worthy of them, indicates a consciousness of superior goodness; but, perhaps, in Miss Jane's case it arose from a constant habit of saying sharp and witty things; for that young lady prided herself on her powers of repartee.

"Pon my soul, ladies," said the kiddy-swell, on reaching the front

door, "I must send for my carpet-bag, for I'm in no fit toggery to present myself to the fair-sex." This he accompanied with a bow, that showed at once he was quite intimate at court.

"Oh, never mind your dress, sir; we are delighted to welcome our deliverer in any apparel he chooses;—but would you excuse me if I ask who it is we are indebted to for our preservation?"

"Ladies," said the kiddy-swell, smiling his sweetest, "you see before you a general merchant, who—"

General Merchant! oh dear—I'm sure we're highly honored"—half screamed Miss Jane, in the extremity of her surprise—"I thought from your appearance you were in the army—but a general—oh la!"

Elizabeth looked on with extreme awe. She had never seen a general before, except a print of Sir Thomas Picton; and a general with such prodigious whiskers, and such insinuating manners, she had never ventured to imagine; and, above all, to be upset in a ditch, and escorted home, and sit at the same table with an actual commander of the forces! She began to fancy all manner of foolish things about riding in open carriages all covered over with nodding plumes, reviewing regiments, and presenting colours, with bustling clergymen making warlike prayers, to the great admiration of the bystanders, and drums beating, and great salvos of artillery.

"We have only two friends, general, coming to dine with us to-day," said Miss Jane; they will be very proud I'm sure."

"Oh, trot 'em out—I'm delighted to see them," said the general, in a condescending tone. "Who are they?"

"Mr. Gargle, our surgeon," said Miss Jane, with a sneer—"a good-natured little culler of simples—though I think he himself is one of the greatest in his collection—and little Captain Spong, a lieutenant in the militia—he was a mercer before he retired to our village."

"Most happy to shake them by the hand—I daresay they're a couple of very gentlemanly fellows—and we shall get on very well. I wish your old cripple, the gardener you've sent for my mare, would come back with my traps. I'm rather anxious about my orders."

"Your orders! oh dear!" exclaimed Miss Jane; "Have you really got your orders with you? I shall be so delighted to see the ribbons. What color are they, general?"

"All sorts—and all prices, too. I shall show you a few of them, p'r'aps, after dinner—for I've a devil of a stock on hand."

"Indeed! won't you wear them at dinner across your breast?"

"What! all the ribbons?—no—by George; do you think I carry more than a small slip of them just to show their quality, eh?"

"Have you a red eagle among your other orders?" enquired Miss Elizabeth; "or—"

"A blue lion? I suppose you'll ask—Who the deuce ever heard of a red eagle? Were you never at the Surrey Zoo, eh?"

"I believe, sister," interposed Miss Jane, "the general is quite right; it is a black eagle you meant to ask for—a Russian order, I believe. Isn't the black eagle very high in Russia, general?"

"Pon my soul, ladies, I don't exactly know how poultry is there at present; but I can tell you tallow is uncommon high by the last advices; a devilish bad look-out for the kitchen candles;—and so is hemp—hanging will be a luxury above the reach of a poor man soon. But here comes my box and driving seat."

While the kiddy-swell retired to a bed-room to gild refined gold, and paint a lily, by which figurative mode of expression I mean, that he withdrew to add fresh lustre to his charms, by putting on a dress coat a little too tight, and polished French leather boots, the ladies gazed at each other in a rapture of gratification.

"He's a wit!" exclaimed Miss Jane; "I knew it from the first. Did you hear his admirable repartee about the eagle?—but you are no judge of humor, sister Elizabeth."

"I heard him say something I couldn't understand about kitchen candles; but great people, I suppose, have odd ways of expressing themselves."

"He expresses himself nobly—very differently from Captain Spong!"

"Stop till Captain Spong rises to be a general too," said Miss Elizabeth.

"He a general!—sister, I'm ashamed of you—but I will go and give instructions to Sarah Hewley how to behave. I hope she'll not expose herself as other people have done." And with an amiable fling of the head to give additional point to her insinuation, she went in search of her niece, and gave her some very strong advice on the art of being presented to great men.

"Well, blow'd if them isn't the rummest old cats, with their jabber about red eagles and ribbons," said the perplexed visitor, as he thrust his legs into tight-fitting Stulzes. "They take me for a general, that's very clear; and, if they like it, I don't see any reason, either in law or gospel, that they shouldn't take me for a field-marshal. It will be rare fun playing the great commander—pon my soul, I wish the old talbies were a little more favorable samples of their sex; a fellow could do much worse than marry one of them, and hocus the other. A snug billet this beautiful house, and I dassay they can post enough of the coal to keep it warm. I must see how they look after I've had a bottle of port. I've known three pints have an extraordinary effect in improving ugly women. Well, then, here goes!" and a finished dandy emerged from the room, with white gloves on his hands, and the cuffs of his coat turned up to display the richly sewn wristband of his shirt.—[N. B.—He had a sample of them in his gig, made to fit any arm, at eighteenpence a-pair. On entering the drawing-room, he found the company

already assembled, and drawn up in parade order to receive him. Captain Spong, a dapper little man in constant danger of apoplexy from a stiff military stock drawn tightly round that part of his person which was immediately below his chin, and which, from the mere accident of position, he accordingly called his neck—with his blue coat with bright brass buttons close fitted to his chest—and altogether the air of what I should imagine to be a Dutch civic guard, was standing on the rug, occasionally bending down and whispering in the ear of Miss Jane, who sat on a sofa next the fire place. The exact counterpart to Miss Jane and the gallant captain, was presented by Mr. Gargle and Miss Elizabeth. Sue sat on the left hand sofa, on the other side of the fire, and was supported by the politest individual, perhaps, that ever pounded in a mortar. On a chair, in one of the window-recesses, was a stout young lady, dressed in blue, with very bare shoulders, and very bushy head, with such a quantity of corkscrew curls running all over her cheeks and down her neck, that you would have thought her the sign of the Butlers' Arms. She broke out into a prodigious glow when the kiddy-swell bowed his way up the room, dispensing his politeness on both sides, and drawing one foot behind the other, and salaaming at regular intervals, while all the rest of the party stood up, and bowed, and curtsied, in return to every salutation.

"General," said Miss Elizabeth, "allow me to present our two friends, Captain Spong and Dr. Gargle."

"Mighty glad to see you both, I assure you, gents," said the polite Hogginkuck, with a new profusion of bows. "'Pon my soul, it's a rare good day's work picking two beautiful young ladies out of a ditch."

"Not to mention putting them in," rejoined the doctor, in a timid sort of tone, which, as it showed a very modest appreciation of his attempt at jocularity, led the company to pass it by in silence. The great man took no notice of it, and all the others, of course, despised it with all their hearts.

"You didn't tell me, ladies, you had a sister," continued the kiddy-swell, pointing to the full-blown, blue belle in the window.

"She's our niece," said Miss Jane, a little sharply; "she doesn't always dine with us, and I hope you'll excuse her coming down to-day, general. You see she's very young."

The general looked at the niece to discover the signs of extreme juvenility alluded to by Miss Jane; but failed to perceive anything that led him to guess her a day less than two-and-twenty.

"Young!" he said, "angels always is. It needed only to top up with her, to make out the number of the Graces."

"Oh, general, you military men are always so full of compliments; aren't you, Captain Spong?"

"Yes, Miss Jane, the first duty of a soldier is to defend his country; his next to pay honor to beauty." Captain Spong contributed to the Towcester monthly obituary, and always spoke like an inscription on a monument.

"Well, said!" cried the general; "tip us your daddle, old boy," and grasped the hand of the astonished captain; "that's what I call laying it on thick. I haven't heard a better thing than that this hundred years."

The captain bowed to the compliment, and decidedly felt flattered by it, though a little surprised at the manner in which it was conveyed. There are a great many people in this world like the man that felt proud of being kicked by the King of France.

"It is difficult to say what a compliment is, Miss Elizabeth," said Dr. Gargle, in the same gentle voice as before. "I feel there is too much truth in Spong's words to consider them a compliment at all." This was accompanied with a look to the lady, which, in other circumstances, would have been very favorably received; but on the present occasion it fell dead. The kiddy-swell darted amazing glances of admiration, first towards one, then towards the other—he threw himself into attitudes, and passed his fingers, which were all covered with rings, through his whiskers and mustaches—and directed such a battery of powerful smiles and captivating bows against the two bewildered sisters, that they felt they had never met with so very delightful a man before. Even Miss Jane forgot to be witty in learning to be pleased—and what with his exclamations of rapture with the house, the neighborhood, and, above all, with themselves; and their titters in reply, and modest deprecations of such politeness, the unfortunate Capt. Spong and Dr. Gargle were thrown at once into the background, and looked on in speechless wonder. In spite of their awe of the general's rank, they began to hate him very heartily. But the kiddy-swell didn't care a farthing whether they hated him or not. He knew that the only way to please a spinster of thirty-six, was to make love to her; and he determined to please his hostesses to the best of his ability. When dinner was announced, he carried off Miss Elizabeth under his arm with as much warmth as if they were going to Gretna Green instead of down stairs to the dining-room; and left the rest of the party to follow as best they could—casting, at the same time, a look back at Miss Jane, which satisfied her that he only offered his arm to her sister in right of her seniority, and that if he had any strong feeling in the world, it was envy of Captain Spong. That discomfited hero walked rather sulkily by her side, and Dr. Gargle, while accompanying the stout young lady in blue, was manifestly dwelling on the delight he would experience in administering to the general an overdose of Prussic acid.



## CHAPTER II.

The kiddy-swell looked all round the table, when they were fairly seated. There was no jolly-faced old gentleman at the foot—no sirloin of beef; there were only the somewhat sharp visage of Miss Jane, and a couple of rabbits. It was with feelings of considerable disgust he felt he was a false prophet, and the house was an impostor. The soup had been made on strictly homœopathic principles with regard to the mutton supposed to be used in its composition; the rabbits were tough, and an immense leg of mutton, which succeeded the soup, was very much underdone. The kiddy-swell almost repented having lifted the ladies out of the ditch; but comforted himself with the anticipation of the fine old port, in which he felt sure he could not be mistaken; and with that he was resolved to make up for all other deficiencies. On the strength of this anticipation, he exerted his powers of fascination more unreservedly than ever. He looked, and bowed, and drank wine with all and sundry; some stray glances even got so far down as to illumine the darkness in which the blue niece sat, next to her aunt Jane, equally neglected by that enraptured spinster on the one side, and by Dr. Gargle, who sat on the other. There was something in the smirk with which she received the sun rays of his glances, that showed she was an attentive observer of all that was going on; and on every succeeding glance he wondered more and more at the absurd infatuation that led her aunts to suppose she was so desperately young. It wouldn't have astonished him half so much if he had known that she, in return for the compliment, thought them desperately old.

By the way of giving a more military turn to his stories, he related anecdotes of several members of his circuit under other names. Quarter-master Browne's adventure with the lamplighter at Birmingham passed off very well; but when he came to describe the incident of the respected Mr. Mullins's acquaintance with the drunken Irishwoman, accompanying it with admirable mimicry of both—when, I say, he described that adventure, and called the hero of it "Commodore Mullins of our regiment," the professional prejudices of Captain Spong were somewhat injured.

"I beg your pardon, general," he said, "I believe that's not a rank known in the army."

"Isn't it?" replied the kiddy-swell, with a look of compassion—"not in the millicious, perhaps, but quite the thing in the reg'lars."

"You should be more cautious, Captain Spong," said Miss Jane; "of course the general knows better than you."

"Why, Miss Jane, I appeal to Dr. Gargle, a man who, by his admirable knowledge, and the active discharge of all the duties of life, has qualified himself to answer any question of the sort. What is a commodore?"

"A commodore, my dear sir?—Why then I must say, with all respect for the general, that a commodore strikes me to be something on board of a ship—a major of marines, I believe."

"To be sure," said the kiddy-swell; "and when serving on land he's a major in the army, isn't he? I'll trouble you, sir," he added, looking very fierce at Captain Spong, "to be mighty careful before you contradict me again before ladies that I respect and honor."

Captain Spong made no answer, and meditated sending a challenge; but the victorious general, now entirely master of the field, was more brilliant than before. By the time the ladies left the room, he had persuaded them all that he was the pleasantest person they had ever seen, the least puffed up with his rank; and that Captain Spong and the worthy apothecary were the incarnations of envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness.

"Now, then," said the general, "now that these old tabbies are fairly off, let us have another bottle of wine, and enjoy ourselves."

"Sir!" said the apothecary.

"Ring the bell, Blister, my boy—that's what I say—and let us have in a bottle of port."

"Sir!" said Captain Spong, emboldened by the manner of his friend.

"Out with it, my Captain of the British Grenadiers. You're no relation, by-the-by, of the Captain Bold of Halifax, are ye?" said the general.

"Sir, you presume on your rank to insult two quiet country gentlemen, and you have also called our amiable hostesses tabbies."

"I did nothing of the kind, sir—it was Dr. Gargle."

"Me, sir?—I declare to Heaven, sir!"

"What's the use of declaring any thing about it?" said the kiddy-swell. "You asked me to ring the bell for port, and either you or Captain Spong, I forget which, called the ladies tabbies. Do you think I'm deaf, gents?"

While making this speech, he rang the bell himself, and told the maid to give Captain Spong's compliments to the ladies, and tell them he wished another bottle of port.

Captain Spong started up; but before the immense indignation in his bosom had time to disengage itself, and assume the form of speech, the maid had disappeared, and the mischief was in all probability done. He sat down, and looked across the table to the Doctor, who was also silent from excess of wrath and amazement.

"Pon my soul, you make pretty free, Captain Spong," said the general, pushing the new bottle towards that sulky soldier. "You seem to order fresh bottles of wine just as you like; but perhaps you're doing the civil to one of the old cats. Why don't you marry her at once?"

"Sir, the extraordinary nature of your conduct, equalled only by the

surprising style of your expressions, makes me conclude that we have been deceived in you."

"And you won't answer a plain question? Come, Blister, tell us all about it. Little Spong is certainly going to cut you out, if you don't look sharp. Which is it—Elizabeth or Jane?"

The gentlemen again looked at each other, while the general helped himself to another bumper with the utmost unconcern.

"May I ask what service you are a general in?" said Captain Spong.

"In his imperial majesty's the Emperor of the Turkies—Asiatic and European. But you do not answer *my* question. Come now, boys, let us have a little pleasing conversation. Who is the fat beauty in blue?"

"The Miss Huskers's niece," answered Dr. Gargle, willing to keep the boisterous general quiet.

"Any dust?"

"Dust, sir?"

"Mopuses—shiners—tin?"

"Money you mean? Oh yes, when she comes of age."

"Of age? 'Pon my soul she would run at any race, and carry additional weight. Why, she has nearly lost mark already. How much?"

"Can't say, sir—never enquired."

"Oh, then you're on the look-out for the ancients—Here's their healths."

"The fact is, sir, or general, or whatever you are," said Captain Spong, "that we both feel so deep an interest in the ladies of this house, that we feel called on to caution you about the manner you have ventured to speak of them."

"I speak of them? Why, didn't you both begin by calling them old tabbies? Pretty fellows you are to talk of cautioning *me*!"

"Sir, I did not," said Captain Spong in an angry tone.

"You contradict me? 'Pon my soul, if I weren't very good-natured, I would break every bone in your fat little body—but I won't—don't be frightened. Why don't you drink?"

"I wouldn't drink with such an ungentlemanly, disagreeable"—

"General and commander-in-chief—well, never mind! I'll drink for you—but the bottle is out. Ring the bell, Spong."

"Certainly not, sir."

"Then I'll do it myself, and send Gargle's compliments."

"You shall do nothing of the sort, sir," said Gargle.

"No, sir, you shall not," said Spong.

"Well I won't, then; but the ladies shall most certainly be informed of your behaviour."

"And of yours, sir," said the two gentlemen, following the General up stairs. The ladies were sitting up in great state, the silver tea-set all laid out on the table. The General entered the room, and bowed and smiled, and pulled down his wristbands, and settled his whiskers—"I think, gents," he said to his two followers, "this is a sufficient answer to your request for more wine. Gargle, ladies, grew so friendly, that he wished to celebrate my arrival with another bottle; but I wouldn't allow it. How can some people be so blind," he continued, as he sat down on the sofa very close to Miss Jane, "as to prefer wine to beauty?"

"Really, ladies," began Captain Spong, looking very red and embarrassed, "I don't know how to say what I think you ought to be told—but—"

"Then don't try it, my good fellow; never try to do any thing you can't do."

"This person, calling himself General Merchant, has used language to-night—"

"I have, ladies; and who wouldn't? when I hear two people I never

saw before, call two ladies, who have shown me such kindness, cats and tabbies."

Here a scream from the two injured damsels interrupted his eloquence.

"Yes, cats and tabbies. Can you wonder at my losing my temper, and threatening to horsewhip them on the spot?"

"Insolent!" sobbed Miss Elizabeth, with a look at Dr. Gargle.

"Ungrateful!" sobbed Miss Jane, with a basilisk at Captain Spong.

"Insulting!—but my sister and I know how to behave. Dr. Gargle, we desire not to see you any more; and you, Captain Spong, don't say a word—leave the house this minute."

"This moment, gents," added the General—"by heavens! if any man had used such language in my regiment, I would have had him roasted, and added to the soldiers' mess." And partly with hustling, partly with threatening, he managed to hinder the indignant gentlemen from saying any thing in their defence. They rushed from the room, vowing vengeance against their traducer, and left the kiddy-swell revelling in the enjoyment of his victory.

"Oh, General Merchant," exclaimed Miss Elizabeth, "we are so much indebted to you for defending us against these dreadful men!"

"I never suspected they could be such disassemblers," said Miss Jane.

"To call *old cats*!" said the senior, putting her handkerchief to her face.

"Tabbies!" said the other, turning up her eyes to the ceiling.

"And worse than that," hinted the General, with a mysterious nod—

"Worse? Impossible!"

"They said you were both straining every nerve to catch them, but it wouldn't do. They liked some one else better."

"Did Captain Spong say he liked some one else better?" inquired Miss Jane.

"Did Dr. Gargle? Oh the ungrateful wretch!" echoed Miss Elizabeth.

"And that other person," continued the General in a whisper not to be heard by the stout young lady in blue, "was——" Here he gracefully bent back his thumb over his right shoulder, and winked in a very decided manner.

"Our niece?" said the ladies in a breath. "Impossible! She's but a child."

"Lord love ye," said the General, "do you think cropped heads and long trousers keep a girl a child for ever? They told me they knew her age to a day."

The ladies looked aghast. "Jane," said Miss Elizabeth, "this must be looked to."

"It must."

"What must be looked to, ladies?" asked the General with a sympathetic smile. "Can I be of any use? Command me. I shall be at your service to-morrow evening. By that time I hope to have shot your two insulters. They will challenge me, of course."

"A duel! Oh gracious! we are ruined, quite ruined!" exclaimed Miss Elizabeth; and to have exposed you, our friend, our deliverer, to danger, perhaps to death—Oh—"

"Poh, never mind me. How will you keep the two wretches, if I miss them, from running off with little Miss Bluebeard?"

"Oh, we will send her back to school, the impudent minx—but its your danger we are most concerned for, dear General," said Miss Jane. "Captain Spong has often told me he can snuff candles with pistol balls."

"The devil he can!" said the General.

"And Dr. Gargle once shot an Irish ensign," said Miss Elizabeth.

"You don't say so?"

"Not dead—but he had to amputate his right leg."

The General held out his dexter supporter, and gazed on it, as if he was considering how it would feel with a bullet in the knee.

"I'll tell you what, ladies, I wish the scoundrels hadn't called you names, or told such lies. They said, for instance, that the Bluebell was as rich as a Jew—all in her own possession the moment she came of age."

"Did they say any thing about the house?"

"Oh lord yes," answered the General, "let me see: they said the house and land—what was it they said?"

"Did they say the house was hers, and that we must give up possession when she marries?"

"Pon my soul, I think they did," said the General carelessly; "but who cares what such lying fellows say?—They can't speak truth if they tried. Can they, ladies?"

"We have found them full of falsehood," answered the elder, with a melancholy sigh, "but, thanks to you, we have discovered their perfidy, and despise them. Sarah, go to bed—you're sitting up a great deal too late for a child of your age," she added, looking daggers and doses of poison at her unfortunate niece. That rubicund young lady took the hint, though rather unwillingly, and lighted a bedroom candle. The General sprang up, and handed her to the door, squeezing her hand as he wished her good night, and bestowing a glance on her, into which he condensed the whole powers of his admiration. The girl held down her head, and thought what an immense sensation such fine manners would have made in the school at Daventry.

"Poor little creature," said the General, going back to the ladies, "she doesn't seem more than twelve, and very backward of her age—blowed if I wouldn't put her into long clothes again!"

"But the duel," exclaimed Miss Elizabeth—"that cruel, horrid Dr. Gargle! what can be done?"

"It is Captain Spong," said Miss Jane, "I am more afraid of. He has often told me he was a very brave man."

The General looked a little disconcerted, as if he felt he had got on dangerous ground.

"But, perhaps," he said, as a gleam of hope broke in on them, "perhaps, after all, they won't say any more about it."

At that moment, as if to convict him of being a false prophet, an angry knock thundered at the front door. The voice of Captain Spong was heard, and the maid, breathless and terrified, rushed into the room, with a letter in her hand—

"This here is from Captain Spong; he says he'll feast on blood to-morrow morning! He frightened me so!"

The kiddy-swell took the letter; and the two ladies gazed on in speechless fear.

"Sir, your insulting behavior to-night, and gross prevarications, leave me no other alternative than to demand satisfaction. I shall expect you with pistols in the Parson's orchard to-morrow at eleven o'clock, my second, Dr. Gargle, being engaged in the Dispensary till that time.—Your servant, JOHN SPONG."

At this dreadful realization of their worst fears, the disconsolate ladies drew round their deliverer; and vied with each other in declarations of their grief. That gentleman turned first to one, then to the other, and displayed sundry symptoms of perturbation, not quite in accordance with his high military rank. At last, however, Miss Jane, as if inspired with

the heroism of Joan of Arc, called for pen and ink, and said, "General, just condescend to write to Captain Spong, that you'll meet him to-morrow morning."

"And be shot?"—

"Oh, Jane, how can you ask our deliverer to expose his valuable life?"

"He shall not expose his life, sister—I—value—it—too—but oh, gracious, what have I said?"

"Pon my soul, ladies, you're excessive polite—and if you could let me have the smallest sneaker of cold without, I think I could answer the challenge."

"Cold without?" enquired the ladies.

"Ay, and warm within," replied the General. "I mean a small go of brandy and water."

When his request had been complied with, he wrote a note to the bel-ligerent captain—

"Sir,—I will not fail to meet you as per invite, in the orchard, and will teach you to keep a civil tongue in your head, and not insult the most amiable ladies I ever knew. Your servant, THE GENERAL."

When this important missive was discharged, a new difficulty arose. The ladies had intended to ask a bed for the General in the house of Dr. Gargle; but as that was now impossible, they were forced, with many fears they were acting with impropriety, and many apologies and fine speeches, to get a couch ready for their handsome guest in their own house. There were sundry jokes and much blushing on the occasion between the parties; but at last all were settled in their respective rooms, and waited, with great anticipations, the events of the following day.

### CHAPTER III.

"If that skinny old Jewess, Miss Jane"—such were the musings of the kiddy-swell, as he adorned himself next morning with more than usual care—"thinks I'm a-going to stand up to be shot at by that blood-thirsty little scoundrel Captain Spong, she's very much mistaken, that's all. She seemed mighty anxious for me to accept his challenge, but it's no go, old gal; we don't stand such folly on the Northern Circuit, and if I can come to close quarters with the fat girl in blue, by George! I could live very snug here, and be the envy of all our fellows as they pass the road. I won't ask one of them in, though—no-no." And by the time he had finished these praiseworthy and hospitable resolutions, he had concluded his toilet; and as breakfast was not yet ready in the parlor, he continued his progress till he came to the stable-yard. After ascertaining that his spanking mare was in good condition, and seeing her fed with his own eyes, though the old gardener, who seemed the factotum of the whole establishment, assured him he had fed her not an hour before, he thought it would be as well to get all the information out of the old man he could.

"I say, cripple 'un," he began, "you've a tightish birth of it here; plenty to do, eh?"

"Oh ees, sir."

"Rather scrumpy concerns, the ladies in-doors; they never amuse themselves, I suppose, by throwing their half-crowns over the hedge?"

"No, sir, nor nobody else as I knows on. Does this here book belong to you, sir?"

"Yes, to be sure it does. Petty larceny, my boy. You stole it."

"I stole it, sir?" cried the old man. "I scorn your words, and you're no gentleman, sir. I know ye."

"Oh, you do, do you? Then I advise you, old boy, not to go picking the locks of my gig."

"It's a book of patterns, sir, and I found it lying under the floor-cloth. I guess you be a tailor, sir."

"You're an imperent old rascal, you are, and I have a great mind to measure your shoulders for a dusted jacket."

"Oh, two can play at that," cried the irate factotum, laying hold of a pitch-fork, and bringing it rapidly to the charge.

"Hallo!—stop, my boy," said the kiddy-swell; "I was only in fun. Why, it's very odd, none of your people down here can take a joke. That's my book, my good fellow, and I'll owe you sixpence some fine day for finding it. It's some army clothing I'm taking down to my regiment."

"And your name be Hoggum—Hogging—Hog-something—I see it on the first leaf."

"It's the bookseller's. But I'll tell you what, old boy, I want to ask you a question or two about the ladies. Does the young one ever walk in the garden?"

"Sometimes Miss Jane and Captain Spong walks whole days."

"Oh, but I don't mean her. The young one, the girl in blue, Miss Sarah—does she ever walk out alone?"

"She's been walked out pretty quick this morning, sir; she's been off to Daventry ever since five o'clock."

"Whew! they're in a confounded fright that the two heroes run off with her. Will she stay there long?"

"Can't say, sir. I thought she had been long enough at school already; but missuses know best."

"Poh! she's quite an infant."

"Infant, sir? She was born on Waterloo day the year afore the battle, for I minds very well she was just a year old when the news came."

"And she's gone back to school, has she? She must be rather a slow coach—eh, Abraham?"

"Simón is my name, sir."



"Well, Simon, I never would think of sending any daughter of mine to Mrs. Walker's Seminary. Mention that when you write to the Queen."

"That ain't the name. Smith's the name, sir."

"Is it? Well, never mind—You're not a bad old fellow, Simon, and perhaps I'll owe you half-a-crown sometime or other. Don't spend it on fine clothes, Simon—nor claret and champagne; they'll give you headache, Simon. Have my gig ready at ten o'clock, and then I advise you to go out in your private carriage, Simon, and suck pine-apples till you're tired."

Simon made an observation, in reply to these disinterested pieces of advice, which the kiddy-swell would, perhaps, not have thought altogether polite; and that most elegant individual returned to the parlor, where he found the ladies evidently profoundly agitated, and Miss Jane glowing with some high resolve, that made her look exactly like Minerva with a silver tea-pot in her hand.

"Oh! General," they exclaimed in chorus—the aforesaid Minerva laying down the tea-pot to apply her handkerchief more gracefully to her eyes, and Miss Elizabeth looking down in the extremity of despair.

"But no," said Minerva; "you have seen the last of my weakness. Other people may make a fine show of their feelings"—she added, looking at her sister.

"I do nothing of the kind, sister Jane," answered the downcast lady, who evidently felt the force of the innuendo.

"But I will show my gratitude to our deliverer in a more sensible manner," continued Miss Jane, disregarding the interruption. "I will rescue him from his present danger."

"Pon my soul, I shall feel uncommon obliged," replied the general; "for if the Governor were to hear of my wasting my time—"

"The governor," enquired Miss Jane, "who is he?"

"Why, my father."

"Your father is a governor, is he?"

"That he is," replied the general, "and an amazing tight hand, I can assure ye."

"But he shall never know," said Miss Jane with a meaning look, "that you have wasted your time. What I wish to do is to save your life; and to do that, what would I not sacrifice—ah!"

"Will you sacrifice old Spong?" enquired the kiddy—"that's the main point."

"Do you wish me?"

"Certainly—as if he were the fatted calf."

"It shall be done. Oh, Elizabeth, I'm a happy woman—a general—a governor—oh dear!"

While the enraptured Miss Jane was pouring forth her self-congratulations on some fortunate event not at all perceived by the object of her rejoicings, the General stood in amazement, no little horror, at the same time, overspreading his umbrageous countenance.

"By George, this is too bad! Here's a thin old maid as proud about sticking a knife into a spuddy little captain as if it was waltzing with Prince Albert. I'll punish her for the murder; though the ungentlemanly little rascal deserves it, for wishing to burke an unoffending stranger; but I can't wait here all day; that horrid malicious captain—I always hated the malicious—will come here and crack off his pistol in this very room. I say, ladies, I think I had better be off."

"To the parson's orchard?" said Miss Elizabeth, performing a shudder, as if she felt the first approaches of the ague. "Oh, General!"

"Deuce a bit; I've other fish to fry, I can assure ye."

"Haven't I said that I will silence his foe for ever?" said Miss Jane, assuming a tragic air. "Go forth, my General, and leave me to settle this business. It is too much condescension for a man of your rank to meet a person like Captain Spong."

"Well, I'm off. I've ordered the old cripple to have my gig ready."

"And we shall see you again?" enquired Miss Elizabeth.

"To be sure you will."

"And soon?—let it be soon"—added Miss Jane.

"In a week at farthest. \* But with regard to that little Spong, if I were you, I would only scratch his eye out, or leave a mark on his nose, or some friendly token of that sort. I wouldn't altogether do for him—and remember, if any thing unpleasant comes of it, I gave you useful advice; and don't go to bringing me in for aiding and abetting. That's all. And now, charming girls, farewell. I can't imagine what them fellers meant by calling you old tabbies—farewell!" And with many displays of his prodigious breeding, and squeezing of hands, and staring-out of countenances, the kiddy swell at last took leave.

"And now, Elizabeth, I will tell you my resolution. I will meet the insolent Spong myself. Do not argue with me. I tell you I resolved on doing so from the first. I will let him, and that good-for-nothing sycophant, Dr. Gargle, see that they are not to insult us with impunity."

"I think you're quite right," said the sister, "I'll go too. What a charming man the General is!"

"La! Elizabeth. I thought you had given up thinking of such things years ago."

"What things, Jane?"

"Why, handsome young men, to be sure. You should recollect your age, Elizabeth. When I come to your time of life—"

"Well, I'm only two years older than you."

"Oh! two years is a long time; and some people wear better than others—Captain Spong has often told me I might pass for two-and-twenty."

"Captain Spong changes his tune when he calls you an old cat—perhaps you would have excused him since you make yourself out so young if he had called you a kitten."

"He's a false, double-faced, deceitful man—and so is Dr. Gargle."

"To admire our niece, too! Shocking!" added Miss Elizabeth.

"Turning the girl's head at her time of life!—but it was our own fault in bringing her back from school. I was always against it."

"Why, you know we turned her back from eighteen to fourteen and a half, four years ago. We can't possibly keep her much longer below sixteen," replied the elder sister.

"Quite a baby. The General called her an infant."

"What a charming man! so free, so easy: I always know a man of high birth in a moment by the beauty of his manner."

"And the handsomeness of his face. I never saw such whiskers!"

"Sister Jane, you're in love!"—said the senior sister, looking severe.

"Sister Elizabeth, I know it," replied the junior, giving vent to the ennobling confession, with a glance of amazing pride, and then burying the thin point of her nose in her seventh cup of tea.

"Well, all that I can say is, that people ought to be ashamed of themselves," said Miss Elizabeth, as she flung out of the room, considerably shaken already in her estimate of the General, when she saw what a rivalry she was doomed to if she persevered in her admiration.

At the appointed hour of eleven o'clock, two figures climbed over the little gate that led into the Parson's orchard, casting such stealthy looks around, that if it had been in September instead of April, they might have been suspected of a design upon the apples. One was a dumpy little man, closely buttoned up to the throat—the other lank and thin—and to any one who had ever seen the resolute Captain Spong and the scientific Dr. Gargle, there was no mistaking them on the present occasion. A small carpet bag might have at first created a suspicion that they were intent on a journey, but a different tale was told when the Doctor took from it a pair of pistols, and laid a variety of boxes and bandages, and surgical instruments, carefully on the ground.

"I half regret this business," said the principal belligerent, with the smallest possible tremor in his voice. "The fellow may, perhaps, come after all."

"And if he does,"—said the man of skill—"you'll shoot him of course. You had plenty of practice, you recollect, when you were called out at the time of the riots."

"Not with ball, my dear fellow—not with ball: and, besides, it strikes me that I have perhaps taken too prominent a share in this business, for you must be aware that the insult was as much to you as to me."

"'Twas to the ladies first."

"Well, are we to fight in their quarrel after their behavior last night?"

"I think," replied the Doctor, "they'll repent of it, when they hear who their friend the General is: and, remember, they have three thousand pounds a-piece."

"Oh! perfect ladies—I hardly think he's coming, Gargle—look at your watch."

"Five minutes past. Wait just five minutes more; but, hark! I heard voices."

"I say, Gargle, couldn't we come nohow to a compromise? Couldn't he explain and I explain, as they do in public meetings—eh?"

"Impossible: how can you explain tabby? but come, Spong, let us be off—here come the ladies."

"The ladies!" cried the captain, "give me the pistol, Gargle; measure out the ground—now then, I'm ready—place your man—amen!"

The captain drew himself up to his full height—nearly five feet four—and held out the pistol firmly and steadily, as if practising for an aim. It was certainly an heroic sight—and the ladies were evidently struck by it.

"Inhuman man!" exclaimed Miss Jane, "I come to upbraid you for your conduct."

"Madam, permit me to observe that I have some business to settle here: yes, madam, business of importance—you understand me?"

"Yes—I understand you. But you will be disappointed; the General has thought better of the subject."

"Of the safety of the subject, you mean, madam; he is a coward, a swindler, and an impostor. I have proofs he is no more a general than I am a bishop."

"How—proofs?" enquired the lady, somewhat staggered—"what is he then?"

"In all human probability, a tailor," replied the captain. "Your gardener Simon, discovered a book of patterns in his gig, and read his name on the fly-leaf."

"And what is his name?—but no!—I will not believe it, sir: your accusations are brought against him now, to revenge yourselves for his having so nobly defended my sister and myself against your insulting designations. Oh, Captain Spong, there was once a time I couldn't have believed it!"

"I never called you any name but your own. It was that infamous impostor who said you were cats and tatbies. Gargle and I called him to order: he insulted us—he ran up stairs, he told you infamous inventions of his own. You trusted him, and repelled us that you had known so long, and who once, Miss Jane,—but that is over. He is a tailor, madam!"

A conversation somewhat of the same kind had been carried on in a lower tone of voice by the Doctor and Miss Elizabeth; and that young lady broke in on her sister's musings at that moment.

"Gracious me, Jane! think what a cheat that man is! I warned you against being deluded by his fine speeches, but you wouldn't listen."

"I deluded!" exclaimed Miss Jane, "what do you mean? It was you that pressed him to come home and dine—I never could endure the man's impudent looks."

"Oh yes, you could, Jane: you didn't think his looks impudent last night."

But before Miss Jane could summon breath enough to give the accusation a more vigorous denial, the gentlemen interfered. Spong threw down the pistol with great force on the grass, and vowed that it would be the happiest hour of his life if he had been the means of exposing the arts of a swindler; and after sundry explanations on all points in dispute, it was resolved to proceed immediately to the house, and count over all the spoons. For when people find their admiration in the smallest degree misplaced, they are very apt to run into the opposite extreme, and if they don't find a man to be altogether a Howard, set him down at once as a Thurell.

In the midst of their inquiries, a vast number of soft speeches were made upon all sides; the sisters' thoughts flowed more strongly than ever in their old channels, from having been for a short time diverted; and by the time the search was finished and nothing found missing, it had been resolved to send for two licenses, and have a double wedding on the very first opportunity. The old cook, who had been employed to place the precocious niece at school, returned with satisfactory tidings of that young lady being in safe keeping, and all went as happy as a marriage bell.

Five days slipped on in the most Elysian manner possible—plans were laid for the future, and the education of the niece was resolved in full conclave to be so vigorously attended to, that she must pursue her studies for many years at school. The gallant captain and Miss Jane were to inhabit the house, as he was only in bachelor's lodgings in the village, and, in the mean time, both gentlemen determined to keep a constant guard on the premises, in case of the threatened return of the graceful individual whom they most ignorantly called a cheat and a swindler. It was unanimously resolved that he should be at once refused admittance, and if he persisted in forcing his way, that he should be handed over to the constable for insertion in the stocks. Filled with these satisfactory resolutions, and all the ardors of a pure and disinterested love, the two pairs of lovers walked hour after hour in the garden, or made a sentimental pilgrimage to the parson's orchard, which had been the scene of the eclatissement, and, in short, enjoyed themselves as much as the agitating delay of the license and other matrimonial forms would allow them. They were returning in high spirits from the parson's orchard—Miss Jane leaning affectionately down (for she was a few inches taller) on the captain's arm, and listening to an epitaph which he had prepared for insertion in the next month's obituary; Miss Elizabeth and Dr. Gargle engaged in some equally interesting conversation; they had just crossed by the little garden path, and were going in front of the French windows on the ground-floor, when a well-known voice saluted their ears.

"Pon my soul, ladies, you take it rather cool, gallivanting with your men just in front of the house. I wonder you ain't ashamed of it, at your time of life."

A scream from each of the ladies, so united as to have only the sound of one, proved the effect of the general's eloquence. They looked to the window; and there, standing in a free-and-easy attitude, the breast of his coat thrown wide open, so as to expose the full expanse of his yellow waistcoat, his hat set jauntily on one side of his head, and his whole appearance justifying his name of the kiddy-swell, stood our good-natured friend, apparently as much at home as if he had never lived anywhere else in his life.

"You infernal impostor," puffed out the rather plethoric captain, "what right have you, sir, to go into that house?"

"Oho! you're the same old boy that called the respectable angels at your side, old cats. Pon my honor, I've a mind to write to the Emperor of Russia about it. He'll be disgusted with your behavior."

"We shall find means, sir, to punish you for this intrusion," pursued the captain.

"Don't mention it to the duke, if you happen to be writing to him. And, in the meantime, don't you see a notice in the garden,

that trespassers will be prosecuted? Blowed if I stand a set of fellows coming here philandering with a set of old maids, kissing and hugging in that disgusting manner. I'll write to the Society for the Propagation of Vice, I will."

Another scream, and their two faces hid, as if suffused with blushes, proved the effect of these false accusations on the delicate-minded ladies.

"I advise you, sir," said the captain, disregarding the attack, "to retire peaceably from that house, or the constable shall be sent for."

"Send for him by all means, I'll give you in charge as a couple of rogues and vagabonds—but good bye. I can't stand here all day, having my modesty shocked by your indecent behavior."

So saying, he retired from the window, leaving the party in blank amazement at his audacity.

The captain and the doctor, equally irate, proceeded to the stable, and armed themselves with hay-forks and other agricultural weapons, and with the additional aid of old Simon, who offered himself, nothing loth, as a volunteer in executing vengeance on the offender, they tried to open the front door, but in vain. They tried the windows, but they were all carefully fastened, and finding all other entrances barred, they returned to the front knocker and made a prodigious noise, in hopes of being admitted by the servants. In the midst of their noisy attack, the kiddy-swell opened the upper window, and putting his head out, affected great surprise.

"What! Are you not gone yet?—And you, dearest Miss Jane, have you quite forsaken your general? Cruel girl! And you, Miss Elizabeth, have you no regard for a governor's son?—false, perfidious creatures! I'll expose you to the Queen of Prussia, and all your friends—see if I don't."

"Will you let us in, sir—yes or no?"

"No—I won't let you in, sir. Who the devil are you, sir? You call yourself a captain; but perhaps you're a housebreaker, sir: and that other highwayman calls himself an apothecary. How do I know what he is, sir? He's ugly enough for any thing. Pon my soul it's very hard that a gentleman can't rest in his own house without all this disturbance—after a journey, too; but I'll prosecute you for an attempt to enter a dwelling-house, and, if I can possibly make interest with the Chancellor—to hang you; depend upon it, I will."

"You are a brazen-faced rascal, sir, and I'll send for the civil power, and break into the house at once."

"What! and alarm my wife, sir? poor little thing, and she just newly come from school! for shame, captain! Lord Melbourne will be ashamed of you."

"His wife! has he brought a woman with him?" enquired Miss Jane in a whisper, which, however, reached the ears of the kiddy-swell.

"Haven't I? that's all; a pretty little dear, with crop hair and long trousers; short blue frock and high pinafore; oh, she's such an infant—ain't you, Sarah? Come and show yourself, and ask your old aunties' blessing; and tell 'em all about our journey to Gretna Green; and thank them for taking care of your house so long, and the good education they've given you."

Saying this, the kiddy-swell brought forward to the window a stout young lady, in a blue frock and a very red face—but whether from the fatigues of her journey, or the trying situation she was in, I cannot say—and presented her to the astonished group below. The shield that turned people into stone could not have had a more instantaneous effect—the pitch-forks dropt from the belligerent hands of the petrified pair of wooers, and Simon limped off into the stable without beat of drum. All were silent. At last the kiddy-swell, with his accustomed eloquence, renewed the conversation.

"How unnatural in you not to welcome us more kindly when we come home! Pon my soul, I feel as if I was an orphan. And you too—don't you, Sarah? Such coldness to near relations! no party in the State will believe it. Sir Robert will wonder; Lord John be horror-struck; and I shouldn't be surprised if O'Connell scratched you out of his will; but I think I hear wheels on the road; and if so, I'll trouble you to be a little more polite, for I expect my governor every minute."

The anticipations of the kiddy-swell were realized. The respected Mr. Hogginback, senior, came into the walk, and was introduced to the party below by his dutiful son, who still kept his station at the up-stairs window. By the extreme urbanity of that gentleman, who had been informed by letter of the whole transaction, and his great knowledge of the world, an arrangement was come to, which apparently satisfied all parties, especially the kiddy-swell, who saw himself at the summit of his ambition, in possession of the house which had so long excited his envy.

**THE STANDARD FOOTMAN.**—The standard footman is the man of genius of humble life, where the only *esprit* recognised is *l'esprit du corps*. The standard footman is the Lovelace of the kennel—the Rochester of the area-gate. If the link-boy offer a striking burlesque of the Page of chivalry, the standard footman is a moral parody upon the beau of old comedy, the Lord Foppington of the stage. He is, in fact, the only *Marquess* (as a *Marquess* was painted by Molière) extant in Great Bri-



tain. The standard footman has "a livery more guarded than his fellows." His wages, which he calls a salary, double theirs. Yet he is as infallibly in debt as invariably in love; deep in the books of his laundry—deep in the affections of the linen-draper's daughter, who would fain disgrace her family, and descend from the dignities of the counter, to become his wife. "For, bless you!" as her neighbors say, "what can she be a thinking on?—Richard ben't by no means a marrying man!"

The only falling off, by the way, in the vocation of the standard footman, is this same Richardism. In France, in the days of magnificence, when palaces were constructed like Versailles, tragedies like those of Racine, and comedies like those of Molière, great people had ant-hills of lackeys in their households, who clung behind their coaches and six, on gala days, and ran errands in the absence of that modern locomotive convenience, the post. But in those grandiose times aristocratic mouths disdained to pronounce familiarly the vulgar appellations bestowed by godfathers and godmothers at the baptismal font.

When a man's name was John, they called him,

not "Richard," but "Frontin." Their lackeys were slaves of their vassalry. Their lackeys, who were of the earth, earthy—a mere part and parcel of the clay of their estates, were called, instead of Tom or Harry, "Champagne," "Lorraine," "Picard," according to their province; or Jasmin, or La Fleur, according to their valet de chambrehood. There was vast magniloquence in this—"York, you're wanted!" or, "send Gloucester or Dorset to me," would certainly have a grander sound than "I rang for John." "Call Northumberland!" has absolutely a Shaksperian twang with it, and never more so than if applied to a stalwart, well-drilled standard footman.—*Bentley's Miscellany*.

### ESTEEM FOR PHYSICIANS IN PERSIA.

No character is held in such high estimation and request throughout the East as that of a physician. A medical man, with a little knowledge of Persian and Turkish, might make his way alone and without molestation from Constantinople to Peking. The moment the news is spread abroad that a Frangee Hakkam, that is, a European doctor, is arrived, the whole village is in a ferment. On awaking at a resting place, the doctor is sure to find a large crowd waiting his levee; the throng will be less splendid perhaps than that which flocks to the apartment of a prime minister, for it consists of all the sick, the blind, and the halt of the village. Not a soul but has had, or is to have, some complaint, and not one complaint alone, but fifty. Their account of their ailments also is most particular; they go into full detail of their rise, progress, and present state of their disorders, and intermix them with anecdotes of themselves and families highly interesting to the narrators no doubt, but most wearisome to others. All that the doctor can do is to prescribe as long as his patience will endure, and then have the assembly dismissed with a big stick by Hagie Baba. This mode of relief, however summary, is absolutely necessary; entreaties and expostulations are of no avail, and mild words only serve to render the claimants more importunate.

The science of medicine in Persia is, like all other branches of knowledge, at a very low ebb. Modern European improvements are as wholly unknown as the studies of anatomy, surgery, and chemistry. In lieu of these, there exists abundance of presumption and bigotry, the invariable attendants on ignorance. "In how many days will you cure me?" is the first question asked of his physician by the man at the point of death. The other invariably answers in three, four, or five days, according to the rank of the patient. If by chance the sick man recovers, the physician of course takes all the credit to himself; should he die, it is God Almighty that killed him. Yet the Persians themselves in health make the proceedings of these quacks the subject of their ridicule, and the following anecdote of one of the faculty, who was even more than usually unfortunate in his practice, is current amongst them and related with great glee: "Have you taken no medicine?" was the habitual question. "Yes." "How do you find yourself?" "Much worse," was the invariable reply. On this our doctor would console himself and his patient by observing, "but if you had not taken it you do not know what might have happened." On one occasion he caused a sick man to be bled copiously. He called a short time afterwards to know the effect of his prescription, and was told that the man had died immediately after the operation. "Ah," said he, "it was well that he was bled, for who can tell what would have happened?"

THE RULING PASSION.—I took Mr. Charles Mathews to the Jardin des Plantes to-day, and was much amused by an incident that occurred there. A pretty child, with her *bonne*, were seated on a bench near to which we placed ourselves. She was asking questions relative to the animals she had seen, and Mr. Mathews having turned his head away from her, gave some admirable imitations of the sounds peculiar to the beasts of which she was speaking, and also of the voice and speeches of the person who had exhibited them. Never did he exert himself more to please a crowded and admiring audience than to amuse this child, who, maintaining an immovable gravity during the imitations, quietly observed to her nurse, *Ma bonne, ce Monsieur est bien drôle.* The

mortification of Mr. Mathews on this was very diverting. "How!" exclaimed he, "is it possible that all my efforts to amuse that child have so wholly failed? She never moved a muscle! I suppose the French children are not so easily pleased as our English men and women are?" He reverted to this disappointment more than once during our drive back, and seemed dispirited by it. Nevertheless, he gave us some most humorous imitations of the lower orders of the French talking loudly together, in which he spoke in so many different voices, that one could have imagined that no less than half-a-dozen people, at least, were engaged in conversation.—*Lady Blessington's Idler in France*.

HOGARTH'S PORTRAIT OF JOHN WILKES.—This singular performance originated in a quarrel with that witty libertine, and his associate Churchill the poet: it immediately followed an article, from the pen of Wilkes, in the North Briton, which insulted Hogarth as a man, and traduced him as an artist. It is so little of a caricature, that Wilkes good-humoredly observes somewhere in his correspondence, "I am growing every day more and more like my portrait by Hogarth." The terrible scourge of the satirist fell bitterly upon the personal and moral deformities of the man. Compared with his chastisement, the hangman's whip is but a proverb, and the pillory a post of honor. He might hope oblivion from the infamy of both; but from Hogarth there was no escape. It was little indeed that the artist had to do, to brand and emblazon him with the vices of his nature,—but with how much discrimination that little is done! He took up the correct portrait, which Walpole upbraids him with skulking into a court of law to obtain, and in a few moments the man sank, and the demon of hypocrisy and sensuality sat in its stead. It is a fiend, and yet it is Wilkes still. It is said that when he had finished this remarkable portrait, the former friendship of Wilkes overcame him, and he threw it into the fire, from which it was saved by the interposition of his wife.

EFFECTS OF GAMBLING.—We do not remember ever to have seen the malignant consequences of this vice presented in stronger colours than in an account of the fate of a great body of gamblers at Hamburg, originally published in a German Gazette, by an intelligent spectator, as the result of his attentive examination during a period of two years. Of six hundred individuals who were in the habit of visiting gambling houses, he states that one-half not only lost considerable sums, but were finally stripped of all means of subsistence, and ended their days by self-murder. Of the rest, not less than one hundred finished their career by becoming swindlers, or robbers on the highway. The remnant of this unfortunate group perished; some by apoplexy, but the greater part by chagrin and despair.

Every one has heard the anecdote of the great projector of water communication, who affirmed that rivers had been formed by nature expressly as feeders for canals. A New York orator at a late railway meeting, improved by this notion. Canals, he said, were very well at the time when they were first introduced, but tow-boats and sloops and barges were too slow for the spirit of the present day. A water communication would no longer answer the purpose. It evaporated in the summer and congealed in the winter: indeed it was a rude material, fit only to be converted into steam to propel locomotives.—*Railway Times*.

### TO THE LILIES OF THE FIELD.

BY BISHOP HERBER.

Lo, the Lilies of the field,  
How their leaves instruction yield!  
Hark to Nature's lesson given  
By the blessed birds of heaven!  
Every bush and tufted tree  
Warbles sweet philosophy;  
"Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow,  
God provideth for the morrow!"

"Say, with richer crimson glows  
The kingly mantle than the rose?  
Say, have kings more wholesome fare  
Than we poor citizens of air?  
Barns nor hoarded grain have we,  
Yet we carrol merrily.  
Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow!  
God provideth for the morrow!"

"One there lives whose guardian eye  
Guides our humble destiny;  
One there lives, who, Lord of all,  
Keeps our feathers lest they fall.  
Pass we blithely, then, the time,  
Fearless of the snare and lime,  
Free from doubt and faithless sorrow;  
God provideth for the morrow!"

## THE POPE.



## II.

But then all happy's not his life,  
He has not maid, nor blooming wife;  
Nor child has he to raise his hope—  
I would not wish to be the Pope.

## III.

The Sultan better pleases me,  
His is a life of jollity;  
His wives are many as his will—  
I would the Sultan's throne then fill.

## IV.

But even he's a wretched man,  
He must obey his Alcoran;

And dares not drink one drop of wine—  
I would not change his lot for mine.

## V.

So, then, I'll hold my lowly stand,  
And live in German Vaterland;  
I'll kiss my maiden fair and fine,  
And drink the best of Rhenish wine.

## VI.

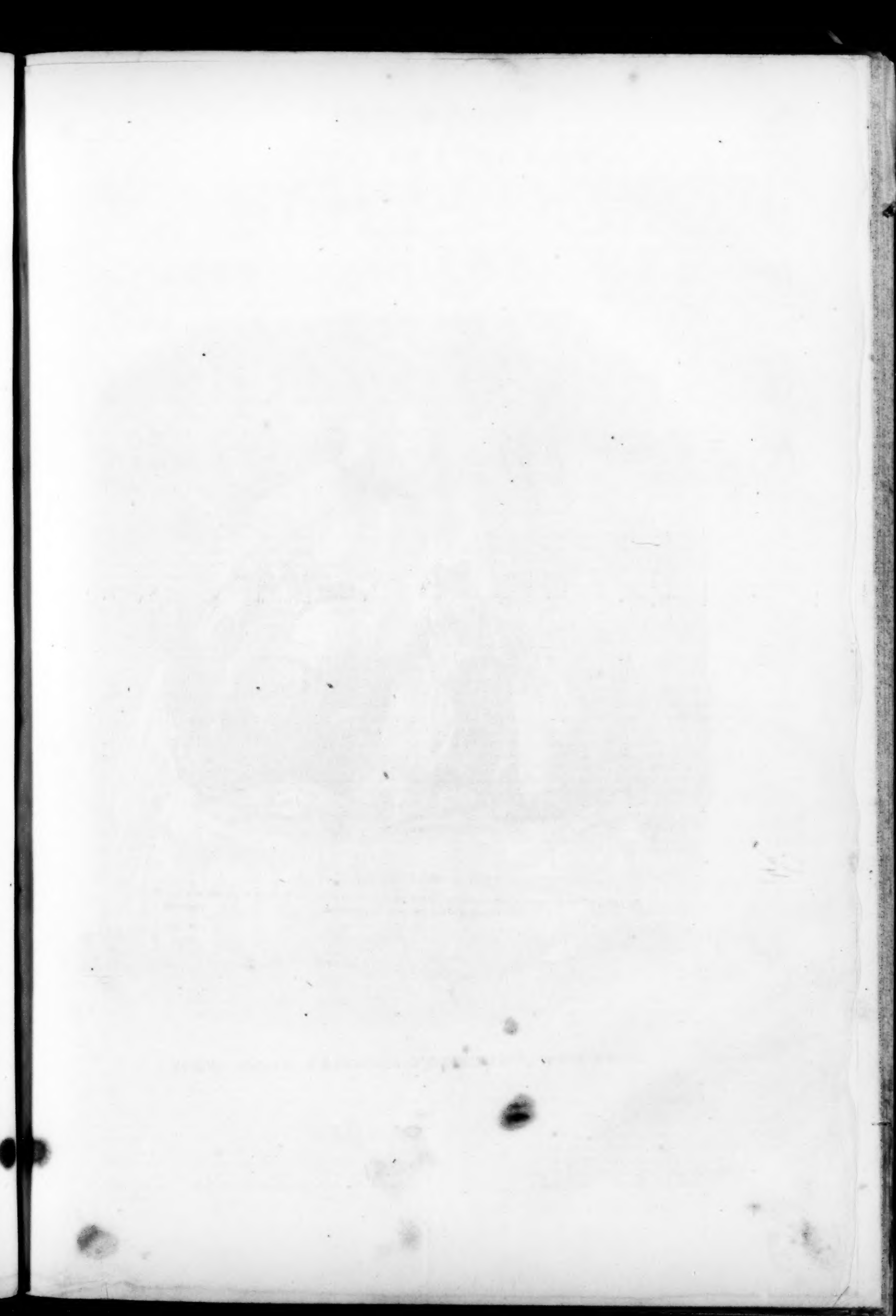
Whene'er my maiden kisses me,  
I'll think that I the Sultan be;  
And when my cherry glass I tope,  
I'll fancy then I am the Pope.

**EARTHENWARE.**—In England the manufacture of earthenware has been established from the remotest period of history, particularly in Staffordshire, where indeed the Romans are said to have had potteries; but until the beginning of the eighteenth century, it was confined to a few objects of the commonest description. In 1690, various improvements were introduced by two brothers, named Elers, who came from Nuremburgh; and about 30 years later, a person called Asbury first made white stoneware, by the adoption of calcined flints in its composition. This step was of consequence in preparing the way for the far greater advances afterwards (1760) accomplished by Mr. Josiah Wedgewood (born 1730, died 1795,) by whose discoveries and exertions the wares of Staffordshire were brought into general use, to the exclusion of all foreign goods. English pottery has since been sought for throughout the civilized world, and adopted even in places where the art was formerly prosecuted. "Its excellent workmanship, its solidity, the advantage it possesses in sustaining the action of fire, its fine glaze impenetrable to acids, the beauty and convenience of its form, and the cheapness of its price, have given rise to a commerce so active and universal, that, in travelling from Paris to Petersburg, from Amsterdam to the furthest part of Sweden, and from Dunkirk to the extremity of the South of France, one is served at every inn with English ware. Spain, Portugal, and Italy are supplied with it: and vessels are loaded with it for the East Indies, the West Indies, and the continent of America." The district in Staffordshire wherein the English earthenware is chiefly manufactured, distinguished by the general appellation of "The Potteries," is situated on the borders of Cheshire, commencing at the village of Golden Hill, and extending more than seven miles to Lane End, and comprising the intermediate places of Newfield, Smithfield, Tunstall, Longport, Burslem, Cobridge, Etruria (the seat of Mr. Wedgewood's establishment,) Hanley, Shelton, Stoke, Lower Lane, and Lower Delf. These were all formerly distinct villages, but the increase of the manufacture has led to the erection of so many new works that their individuality is now lost, and the whole presents the appearance of one large town. The manufacture in England, however, is far from being restricted to Staffordshire. Porcelain has long been made at Derby and Coalport in Shropshire, while more lately it has risen to high excellence in the city of Worcester, at Rockingham, and at Swinton, near Rotherham. The Lambeth stoneware is perfect in its kind; and establishments for making the commoner sorts are to be found in many parts of the kingdom.—*Encyclopedia of Commerce.*

**THE CORNISH PEOPLE.**—The women of Cornwall are handsome, but not particularly fresh colored; they are modest, open and unaffected in manners, free from that constraint which is the mark of a want of good breeding, even where intercourse with society has been by no means of an extensive character; making correct, as relates to the Cornish fair, the remark of Queen Elizabeth, respecting the gentlemen of the county, "That the Cornish gentlemen were all born courtiers, with a becoming confidence." The men are strongly made, and more active than those of the midland counties of England. It was remarked of the Cornwall militia, under Colonel Molesworth, at Chatham, that they stood on more ground than any other regiment of the same number. They are uncommonly well set; their old habits of hurling and wrestling, as well as of labor without doors, no doubt contributing to their muscular power. In the history of Cornwall, perhaps altogether the fabulous history, the Cornish chi stain and hero, Corineus, was celebrated for his power in wrestling. We are not told whence his antagonist, the giant Gogmagog, came, but that Corineus overthrew him and flung him into the sea, down what is called the Hoe, at Plymouth. Before Charles II. erected the citadel upon the present site, there was to be seen, cut out in the turf, the figures of the two combatants wrestling, which, like the white horse in the chalk, on the Wiltshire Downs, was kept cleared out down to the limestone from time immemorial. In Cornwall the wrestler is never permitted to kick the shins of his antagonist. Everything depends upon main strength. Hurling, now obsolete, was undertaken by two parties, of an indefinite number on each side, sometimes from two parishes that were rivals in the game. The ball was a round piece of wood, plated with silver, on which was engraven a motto in Cornish, "Guare wheag—yw guare teag," or, "fair play is good play." The ball was to be caught dexterously in spite of the adverse party; to carry it off requiring every species of bodily exertion, as well as a quick sight. Mining and fishing, with alternations of cold and wet, are occupations which harden the body; and of wet from sea or fresh water few Cornishmen make any account. The men are generally of the middle stature, and live to be old, when not employed in the mines; or, being employed there, when they do not add intemperance to the confined nature of their labor.—*Encyclopedia of Commerce.*

How many young ladies will it take to reach from London to Brighton?—Fifty-two; because a miss is as good as a mile.







### THE OUTCAST.

The younger Female uttered a piercing scream, threw her arms wildly round her mother's neck, and, as a last hope, clung to that loved one for protection.

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NEW YORK SUMMER FASHIONS, FOR 1842.

